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WATCH FOR OUR KILRAIN SULLIVAN SUPPLEMENT.

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



## A KENTUCKY GIRL'S DEED.

LYDIA STRONG, OF BREATHITT COUNTY, ELOPES WITH A NEGRO WHO IS KILLED IN HIS TRACKS.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

WATCH FOR THE BIG SUPPLEMENT!

An Elegant Double-Page Supplement  
(SUITABLE FOR FRAMING).

Printed in Eight Brilliant Colors, will be Presented with

THE POLICE GAZETTE, No. 613,

Out Thursday, June 6,

SHOWING THE GIANTS,

KILRAIN AND SULLIVAN,

As they will appear in the ring on July 8, 1889, in their great battle for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, representing the championship of the world. Remember, there is no extra charge for this number. Do not fail to order a copy from your newsdealer.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
Franklin Square, New York.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is an old chestnut mausoleum epitaph to the effect that "man wants but little here below." We arise in our seat to move an amendment to the effect that "Woman wants considerable Kur B'low." Now organize your barnstorming target excursions to the author's eyrie in the POLICE GAZETTE building.

THE next feature to be introduced into dramatic art is death by electricity. We have had the semblance of executions on the stage by the guillotine, by the axe, by fire and by the rack. A new sensation is now to be afforded by the spectacle of a stage murderer killed off by stage electricity. Where is the dramatist who'll try it?

NEWSDEALERS, AHOY! The POLICE GAZETTE will present, with its issue of June 6—No. 613—a handsome, mammoth supplement, in colors, depicting Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, the \$20,000 pugilists, as they will appear in the ring, near New Orleans, on July 8. Labor, pains or expense will not be taken into consideration in the preparation of this supplement, and it will be a souvenir worthy of the momentous sporting event. A word to the wise gathers no moss.

THE story of Staten Island's latest mystery will be found on another page. Poor Mary Tobin, a handsome, young, intelligent and well-connected girl, was found in the Bay after she had left her lover, a noted physician of the place. Up to date there is no specific evidence that she was murdered, and the coroner's inquisition has failed to produce evidence incriminating any one. Yet, as Mary had no known reason to take her own life, there is a faint suspicion that she was foully dealt with. The case will probably be inscribed on the tablet of "mysterious deaths" for which the great city and its suburbs are famous.

A BRAND-NEW thought occasionally strikes us up under our bangs, and when it does we divide it among the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. What is worrying us now is the large number of people out of employment. The thought was engendered by gazing upon the steady line of people continually gazing into the big hole on the corner of Park Row and Frankfort street, where the World is excavating for its new building. The throng was three deep one day last week, and upon hurrying to the scene to grab the facts of an anticipated disaster, we were much relieved by ascertaining that the excitement was due to the fact that a man with a red shirt, red head and red nose was spitting on his hands preparatory to lifting a monkey o' bricks.

THE warm days, now abiding with us super-induce the desire in all good citizens to grab their grips and hie to the mountain streamlet, shady fen, moor and lea, to coquet with the denizen of the deep, to corral the cooling zephyrs or to monkey with the meandering maidens murmuring mellifluousness. The summer boarding house is beginning to sprout its chin whiskers, and soon we will receive letters by the ton to the effect that New York is sleeping under coverlets knee deep and awakening in the morning with the kaleidoscopic pictures from the blankets imprinted upon their diaphragms, until they resemble an army of tattooed Greeks. Bon voyage, one and all. Subscribe for the POLICE GAZETTE before running for the train!

## MASKS AND FACES

Sarah at the Salon—"The Oolah"—"Jed Prouty."

## PASTOR AND POWERS IN PARIS

The Tragedy of Meyerling—A Dancing Girl.

## TATTLE ABOUT TOWN.

Sarah Bernhardt made a sensation when she appeared at the Salon of Paris the other day. This actress, who sets the fashion to the woman-kind of the world, was attired in a dark green crepe



dress, trimmed with feathers, the blouse hanging in straight folds from the throat to the waist, and confined there by the broad, jeweled girdle she loves. Her head, with its wonderful hair all tumbled, was shrouded by a big, broad straw hat of dark gray, wild with flowers and leaves. She held in one hand a big parasol, dark green on the outside, light green on the inside. In the other hand dangled her quizzing glass. No earrings were in her ear, but she wore on her breast an immense diamond butterfly. Her hound Tosco, who always accompanies her to rehearsals, was with her on this occasion.

Bernhardt is fond of artists. Bougureau, Clairin, Batten-Lepage, Meissonier are her friends. Like Lillian Russell, Annie Russell, Marie Burroughs, Minnie Palmer, Lena Merville, among us, Bernhardt is a great collector of etchings and small oil paintings.

You remember the picture Clairin painted of Bernhardt. It represented her reclining on a lounge, her big dog by her side.

And you may remember the witticism of Dumas when he saw the picture and was asked what he thought of it.

"Very clever," said he; "a dog and a bone!"

That's hard on Sarah's shape.

And now, since she is playing *Lena*, in "As in a Looking Glass," the wags are playing on her frail form more than ever.

There has been a great deal written about Crown Prince Rudolph and Countess Vetsera, and the death of those illustrious lovers in that gloomy castle of Meyerling, in Austro-Hungary.

The plump and lovely-eyed Judie, who played in Vienna at the time of the tragedy, gives an altogether new version of the mysterious and bloody business.

Blakely Hall telegraphed her story to the Sun, and here it is.

It would seem that Count D. was in love with his own niece, Baroness Marie Vetsera, who was in love and loved by Crown Prince Rudolph.

Baroness Vetsera was a woman of singular and remarkable beauty, and the passion she inspired in Count D., her uncle, was of the most violent nature.

He was of Hungarian descent, and a man of strong will power. The family objected to an alliance between the niece and the uncle, but the latter insisted on having his way.

Meanwhile he watched the Baroness closely, and was the first man outside the personal attendants of the Crown Prince to learn of the liaison between the heir to the Austrian throne and his niece. He said nothing, but watched the pair narrowly, and when the Crown Prince left the Ambassador's ball to

drive out to Schloss Meyerling, the Count followed in a closed carriage.

He did not attempt to enter the house where the lovers were until very late at night, when he got into the Princess' bedroom and found the couple together.

The Count, in a fit of jealous fury, attempted to shoot the Crown Prince, but the first bullet killed the Baroness. In the struggle for the weapon which followed, a portion of the Count's hand was blown off, and it was from the effects of this wound that he subsequently died through blood poisoning. The Crown Prince was of slight build and totally unarmed. The Count shot him just as the attendants rushed into the room.

Every effort was made, of course, to hush the matter, and the murderer was taken to a room up stairs and put under guard. Pending instructions from the Emperor, he went into a delirium in the course of the night and never left the room alive. The story is worth telling, because it is the one which is now believed, but no man's ingenuity can forecast the next history of the mystery of Meyerling.

Truly, there are tragedies in real life before which

those in which the Booths, the Downings, the Forrests, the Keenes, rant and roar pale into rush-light insignificance.

The great opening of the week was that of Francis Wilson in "The Oolah," at the Broadway Theatre. There was lots of enthusiasm, lots of flowers and lots of disappointment.

The music is by Lecocq; the libretto is by Sydney Rosenfeld.

The subject illustrates the complicated nature of the marriage vows of Persia.

The gentleman who plays the part of the oolah is obliged, by the custom of his country, to marry any divorced woman who wishes to remarry her husband, in order that she may be divorced from a disinterested party.

But the oolah must not kiss or in any way monkey with his pro tem wife. If he does, he must retain her as his own.

Oolah Wilson, when the play opens, has been married one hundred and sixteen times.

He is about to start on his one hundred and seventeenth trip.

Then there are all kinds of troubles and tribulations.

For a man who had been yoked so often, Francis Wilson was in remarkable trim on the first night. He smiled, bowed, capered, danced and sang topical songs. But the operette was too long and too talky, and the star's part is not particularly strong.

McDonough and Pearse, in leading roles, were bad.

Marie Jansen, however, was a picture as a boy in two of the acts and a girl in the last.

Her song, "Be good," caught on, and her dance with Wilson and Delaro, in act three, was redemanded.

Laura Moore sang a beautiful song beautifully in act two.

Hubert Wilke didn't show his teeth as much as he'd been doing recently.

Rosenfeld stuck witticisms all through the text. The operette was magnificently staged.

The chorus was large and well drilled.

Wilson deserves success, and, never fear, he'll get it. I overheard quite an amusing confab between Dumley and Van Blank in the Casino cafe the other night.

It threw light on certain sides of contemporary theatrical life.

"How much did Kitty cost you last year?" asked Van Blank.

"Well, I agreed in an off-hand way with the manager," answered Dumley.

"I agreed if he'd give her a small speaking part I'd have her boomed in the press occasionally, pay half her salary, see that her pictures are properly exhibited in shop windows and guarantee that at least once a week I'd buy a box and send up flowers. Of course I paid for the flat and bought her some diamonds, and I allowed her \$25 pin money per week."

"That's nice," answered Van Blank. "But do you know that I saw Kitty in Chicago with Seedy Stick, the song-and-dance fellow, and I saw her in a jewelry shop buy him a headlight as big as—"

"Oh, Seedy Stick is all right. He's her cousin," interrupted Dumley.

"Is he? Then I congratulate you. One can't be too careful in the choice of one's relatives!"

Our enterprising friend Kiralfy has not done much with "Mazulu" at the Standard.

The dukes are tired of seeing his centenarian fairies and the perennial evolutions and involutions of their dances.

The other day, at the Standard, there was a stiff draft at the back of the stage, and Kiralfy was standing plump in the midst of it.

"Mr. Kiralfy," ventured a pretty chorus girl, "you'd better be careful. You'll catch cold here."

"No dancher, no dancher," answered Kiralfy. "Don't you see that I had my cardamom jacket on?"

Ullie Akerstrom, after considerable preliminary booming, has come to town with her luggage and her name.

I'm not certain which is the most formidable. Known on the theatrical circuit of New England, Miss Akerstrom now makes a bid for metropolitan favor at the Star Theatre.

Her play, "Annette, the Dancing Girl," is a mixture of almost everything under the sun. In it she skips from New Orleans to New York, recites, talks, dances. And she dances well, too.

Her hornpipe was loudly encored.

In some of her steps she recalls Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind, a very fair of grace and agility.

Her recitation, "Toot your Horn if You Don't Sell a Clam," pleased the gallery.

Altogether, Miss Akerstrom was a success.

Mr. Sol Berliner, backer of "A Noble Son," a play by Len Grover, was in a happy frame of mind early last week.

He is always in a happy frame of mind, but he was, on that evening, in a particularly happy frame of mind.

His play, after many vicissitudes, was produced at Niblo's.

His star, E. J. Buckley, was received boisterously by a boisterous audience.

Though his leading lady, Beatrice Morland, proved to be very tart, his soubrette number one, Johnstone Bennett, and soubrette number two, Xesia Carlstadt, did well.

J. F. Brien was a good clergyman.

Pauline Markham was duly impressive as a dowager.

But "A Noble Son," as a play, is neither strong nor interesting.

He halts and stutters in his dialogue.

He lumps and stumbles in his action.

He rambles around aimlessly at many points and never gets anywhere.

Those who Mr. Berliner disowns him the better it will be for his pocket.

Richard Golden was another one of the new-born stars last week.

He appeared as *Jed Prouty* at the Union Square.

The part is that of a hotel keeper from Maine and depicts his words and dolours at home and in Boston. The play, which is in four acts, is, of course, modelled on the rustic plays now so fashionable.

Richard Golden is a copy of Den Thompson and Neil Burgess.

He dances better than they do, but his pathos is as dry as the policy of a prohibition village.

He has not the power to compel tears, and his humor is hard.

The play is beautifully staged. The company is good.

Lillian Chantore and Chas. Bowser did the comedy bits very neatly.

And little Millie Smith, as a dancer, easily knocks out Ida Heath.

Lillian Lewis came along, too, last week, and edited the patrons of the People's Theatre by appearing as *Lena Despard*, in "As in a Looking Glass."

Though Lillian Lewis will never cause Bernhardt a sleepless night, she is in many respects a better actress than Langtry. Her emotion is more genuine, her gestures more in keeping with the part, and even her presence more suited to the role.

Langtry, by the way, is to leave us for two years.

Anderson is already abroad, doing well.

Hading writes she's anxious to come back.

Stephen Leach is in town, ready for managerial enterprises.

Many of our actors and actresses are going abroad to see the exhibition at Paris. Beatie Sanson has gone.

The Irwin Sisters are going. Fred Hallen is packing his valise. Joe Hart may join him. A few weeks ago Tony Pastor gave some amusing reminiscences of his last trip to Paris. "I can always tell an Englishman or an American by the way he stares at things; Jimmy

Powers and I travelled to Paris together from Calais. We asked each other questions from the study books we each held in our hand. We got things pretty well mixed up. Powers pronounced 'tu' was very fish. When he asked a policeman for the Champs Elysees, the copper pointed to a restaurant across the way. He asked Jimmy to ask for *Fromage de Brie*. Jimmy introduced me to a young lady and asked her learning. 'Get un grand fusil dans mon pays—' He's a big gun in my country," said Jimmy, with a gesture to me and a bow. But the young lady didn't seem to catch on.

On leaving Mr. Pastor I arranged a kind of Guide of Conversation for the use of American actors in Paris this summer. My list, as you'll see, includes some of our most familiar expressions, with their equivalent in French. Anybody, from the president to the congerie, will understand you, if you use them with a correct accent.

She's a daisy.

Elle est une marguerite.

Are you wid us?

Voulez vous boire avec nous?

He's in the soup.

Il est dans le potage.

This is pic.

C'est du pain.

What's chewing yer?

Qu'avez vous?

Not this evening.

Pas ce soir.

That takes the cake.

Cela recuit le gateau.

No funny business.

Pas d'affaire comique.

There are no flies on me.

Il n'y a pas des mouches sur moi.

It's a cold day when I get left.

That's untranslatable.

ROSEN.

CHARMING MARION PERCY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

With this week's issue we present the portrait of the charming young soubrette, Miss Marion Percy, who has made an enviable reputation and is a favorite of the theatre-going public the country over. Miss Percy is but nineteen years of age and is making rapid strides to a very brilliant future. She has been on the boards since a mere child, and has played as leading soubrette in several first-class companies. She was recently with "One of the Bravest," "Bubbling Over" and "Our Strategists." On the stage Marion captures an audience the moment she appears by her very clever and winning specialties and acting. Next season Miss Percy intends starring in a play of her own now being constructed by a well-known playwright.

A CLEVER OPERA SINGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish the portrait of John J. Raffael, the primo-baritone singer, who is well known in all of McNeill's comic operas. Mr. Raffael was born in Baltimore, Md., on May 23, 1860, and completed his musical education under Prof. Barilli, Patti's half brother. After two successful seasons in oratorio and concert singing he accepted an engagement with the Carnegies minstrel troupe, and gained honors as a ballad singer. He then turned his thoughts to comic operas, and the hit he made as Rufus in "The Little Tycoon" attracted the attention of Col. McNeill. Monroe and Rice have engaged Mr. Raffael for next season, when he will try his voice at musical comedy.

Postmasters, now is the time to canvass for subscriptions to the POLICE GAZETTE. Thirteen weeks for \$1. The Colored Supplement that is given away with No. 613 being alone worth that amount.





## TURKEY CREEK LEAGUE

The Biggest Baseball Game of the Age Reported by the "Police Gazette" Fiend.

LIVELY TIMES ON THE FIELD.

The Kansas City East and West Bottoms Meet for the Benefit of a Church.

### A COON-DRAPED GLOAMING.

I want to be an umpire,  
And with the umpires stand,  
A muzzie on my forehead,  
A cane within my hand,  
And right behind the batter  
So glorious and so free,  
I'd jump upon the players,  
And then they'd jump on me.

On another page of the POLICE GAZETTE is depicted a lively scene of an umpire who struck a snag in settling a debate between the two contending baseball teams.

"June," who always attends to the baseball matters for the POLICE GAZETTE, may think that he knows something about baseball playing, but he doesn't. He may know all about the League and Association games, but when he tackles outside matters he is sadly deficient in his "get there."

I have seen no mention made in the POLICE GAZETTE of the absolutely biggest game afloat, and "June" will no doubt pardon me for saying that had he seen it he would have been filled with consternation.

In the idea of last March, with my family, consisting of a frank collar box and a smile, I went to Kansas City by way of Buffalo and a freight train, and was there called upon, in my capacity as sub-assistant, acting deputy city editor of the Kansas City News, to witness the subject of these few remarks. The game



A SLITHERING STREAK OF BALL.

was between the Always Opens, of the West Bottoms, and the We're Heroes, of the East Bottoms, for the benefit of the Turkey Creek All Shouts African M. E. Church.

As Amelie Rives would say, "there was a souging wind-sweep" all week, but on the night before the game the little stars were ablink, portending pure weather for the day of all days. For fear that some of the deacons might monkey with the gate receipts, Parson Allover Jones placed his mother-in-law with a gun at the box office window to keep them in trim. He had had several escapades with her and he knew that when she started in to cling to anybody her cling was passionate.

Immediately backstopping the third bag was a pile of watermelons for the accommodation of the windy player who would get there. The third bag was on the Kaw river side of the lot and the fence was near by. The game commenced with the following players in the field:

#### WE'RE HEROES.

Murder Henry,  
Razor Bill,  
Slungshot Washington,  
Count-Ten Pete,  
Free-Lunch Jake,  
Sweepout Moss,  
Monkey Phillips,  
Washington Pie Roberts,  
Makeout A. Chadwick.

#### ALWAYS OPENS.

Bet-Your-Boots Jimson,  
Ball-Knocker Moss,  
Billy Crullers,  
Comeoff Jack,  
Elderberry Thompson,  
Flatnose White,  
Poorhouse Pete,  
Kalsomine J. Peterson,  
John Q. Adams Brat.

The colored iniquity of Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas on the other side of the State Line street was present when Elder Buckshot opened the proceedings with prayer. He petitioned fervently that no man present might envelope so much fervency that he might endeavor to lug home the gate receipts. He told the old, old story, and remarked, "on parant, that the afore said story wouldn't work if anybody attempted to climb the fence with an unwon watermelon. SHE TOOK AN IMPROVISED BALL."

Several of the players, all of whom were dressed in the church, sneaked around behind the stand and



and placed stove lids in the basements of their trousers.

All in readiness, the We're Heroes went to the bat. Murder Henry spat upon his hands and called for a low ball. Bet-Your-Boots Jimson was the battery, and he got to work on schedule time. There was a slithering mass of baseball, and Elder Berry, the umpire, did not see it coming.

There is no stage in the noble game of baseball that so interests a man as when he doesn't see a hot liner coming for his stomach. It causes him to relinquish all doubts as to whether there is or is not a Supreme Being, and if he has a wire edge on his temper he is liable to have an earnest and yearning desire to mob the ball-twick.

Elder Berry went over to the pitcher and told him what he thought about him. He did this after he had been pulled out of Jimson. Rubbing the gore from his boots, Elder Berry told the game to resume its disastrousness. A young, manive-colored darkey was put in to pitch. He sent a hot corker to Murder Henry, and Murder Henry was on the qui vice. He biffed the leath-

THE FRUIT DISAPPEARS.



A STARTLING PHENOMENON.

er for keeps and started for the watermelon seance. He was getting well on his way from first to second when he struck a surprise party.

Miss Wenie Williams, well-known in East Bottoms society circles as an amateur actress, was gaping at the time. As the ball had come in her direction, she naturally took it in.

The We're Heroes looked upon it as a bunco scheme to beat them out of a home run. They left the field and hunted among Miss Williams for the ball. Charles Frederick Polk, the eminent razzle-dazzle boot-black at "the Junction," was Miss Williams' company that day. He strenuously objected to the familiarity with Miss Wenie's coiffure, and the result was that Mr. Polk was sat upon until he resembled a cricket bat with a ragged edge.

While the crowd was picknicking with Brother Polk somebody noticed that Parson Allover Jones had taken time by the felloek, so to speak, and was laying in his winter's supply of watermelons via a hole in the fence. He had corralled his family on the outside of the fence, and the youngsters were making pa's wagon fat with their surreptitious mancuverings. The ball players gave Wenie and her steady company a rest and scurried for the hole in the fence. Just then "the



THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH CUTLERY.

sharp crack of a pistol was heard, followed by a dull, sickening thud.

Then Parson Allover Jones' mother-in-law came through the side of the box office very much resembling a funny story about toothpicks. The woodwork of the box office had become so familiar with her contour that she looked like a barbed-wire fence. The players, as well as the other members of the church, naturally became disinterested in the watermelon seance and started for the receipts.

There was a swirling gleam of cutlery, but there was too much trouble in getting the fence down as the congregation passed through, and that's probably why Parson Allover Jones and Demarest weren't caught. The game was never settled.

When left Kansas City, in the idea of November, by way of the Crossett Road, the Turkey Creek All Shouts African M. E. Church had a plug bat inserted in a fractured pane of glass, and Parson Jones was on the roof endeavoring to make the chimney draw by inhaling the intestines of the building.

QUERIED.

An Elegant Colored Supplement will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 613, out June 6th, Kilrain and Sullivan, as will appear in the ring.

## ALL BROKE UP.

Deacon Smith, of Lebanon, Conn., Astonishes the Natives--He Comes to the Centennial.

HIS PRETTY CLERK COMES WITH HIM.

The quiet little village of Lebanon, Conn., is all broke up over the escapade of the aged and once highly-respected Deacon Asher P. Smith with a pretty and infatuated young lady named Miss King, who is the daughter of Mr. J. H. King, of the same place.



VERY NICE, ROAD!

Deacon Smith, who is sixty years old, owns the big Lebanon grange store, and was one of the leading citizens of the place. He took a great interest in church work, and was not only a pillar in the Congregational church, but was its Sunday school superintendent.

Everybody for miles around knew Deacon Asher P. Smith, the wealthy store owner, and bought all their goods of him.

On an evil day, when the deacon's brain was dizzy, he



WATCHING THE BIG PARADE.

came to the conclusion that to sell goods all day and make up books at night was too much for one man to do, and so he made up his mind to get a book-keeper. He knew a pretty young lady whom he thought would answer his purpose, and that is the way in which Miss King and the deacon became so friendly.

Miss King is a brunette; her age is between 25 and 30, and she has pretty teeth, a pair of sparkling eyes and a gorgeous figure.

Several months passed. The deacon and the book-keeper got along famously together. After a while the village gossip gave it out as their opinion that "Deacon Asher and that girl was thinkin' rather mor'n o' each other than circumstances seemed to warrant on the part of a deacon and a superintendent of Sunday school." But there was not much serious discussion of the matter until four or five months ago, when the sagacious heads in Lebanon admitted, in private talks, that "the thing wuz really goin' too far--actually gettin' to be scandalous."

Then it was said that after "hours" the deacon and the bookkeeper sat rather close together in the store, as could be seen by the shadows cast upon the tell-tale



EXTREMELY NICE, JEROSAPHAT.

transparent curtains of the dimly lighted window. Everybody smiled, and some of the church members kicked when it was known that the deacon had taken Miss King home to board with his family, in the face of vigorous opposition on the part of Mrs. Smith, the fair-faced, kindly and estimable wife of the store-keeper. But there was no outspoken scandal until it was learned at the Green that Deacon Smith had taken

his bookkeeper to New York to the centennial, had spent the week with her there, looking at the sights on that throbbing occasion.

When the deacon and Miss King reached home from the Centennial celebration, which they had visited in



JUST IN TIME TO CATCH IT.

company, they found that a pile of bad feeling was laid up for them by the village people, and when they entered the deacon's house a small-sized cyclone in the shape of Mrs. Smith, the deacon's wife, greeted the couple.

Mrs. Smith was angry, with a large A. She dictated terms to the errant couple. The deacon must cast "that woman off." It is reported she said, "Now and forever," or if he refused to do so she would instantly quit the house and go to live with her daughter, Mrs. Perry, in New London. The deacon was no less insistent in refusing to comply, and the enraged wife departed from her home.

A few days later the deacon collected all the money that was due him from customers in half a dozen towns, amounting to about \$8,000 or \$7,000, it is said, and it is also said made an assignment of his business. Then he came to this city, paid several merchants whom he owed some money and skipped, after consulting an attorney. It is said that he boarded a north-bound train, which carried him directly past his own home, twelve miles from this city, and it is believed that he is now in Canada.

His fascinating bookkeeper he deserted.

After the deacon's flight there was sudden hustling among his creditors, but it is thought they will lose nothing, as the deacon's son has stepped into the breach caused by his father's downfall, and with a partner, Mr. Peckham, taken the business of the grange store. Mr. Peckham was in this city on Wednesday looking after the business affairs of the old store management and for a clue to the deacon's whereabouts.

The deacon's friend cannot explain the infatuation on his part for a young woman who until now has always had a good reputation. Miss King has returned



A REFRIGERATOR RECEPTION.

to her mother's home. She claims that her skirts are clear of any wrong in the matter, and her friends believe her.

### COMEDIAN EUGENE CANFIELD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Eugene Canfield is one of the best known men in farce comedy to-day. He has been in the show business since boyhood. Born in New York State, he early tried his luck in circus and black face, and made a reputation as a rider, tumbler and dancer. But it has been since he appeared in the farces of Mr. Charles W. Hoyt that Eugene Canfield, "Gene," as he is familiarly known, made a wide reputation for himself. In the "Tin Soldier" he made a hit, and he has repeated that hit in "A Midnight Bell," now running at the Bijou Opera House. His portrait, reproduced in our dramatic gallery, will please and be preserved by his many admirers.

### HE THROWS 'EM FOR KEEPS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Greek George, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, who has figured in many wrestling contests in all parts of the world. He was born in a small place called Mores, near Volo, in Thessaly, in the southwestern part of Greece, thirty-six years ago. Barring a little superfluous flesh he is just as fine a specimen of humanity as the eye cares to light upon. His biceps measure 17 inches. He stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches; neck measurement, 18 inches; breast, 45; waist, 36; thigh, 35; calf 17 1/2; forearm, 13 1/2; and wrist, 8 1/2, and wrestles at 180 pounds. He has a hand like a sheet anchor, and lifts upwards of 300 pounds with his middle finger.

Kilrain and Sullivan, as they will appear in the ring, will be the subject of that Elegant Colored Supplement that will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 613, out June 6th.





CHARMING MARION PERCY,  
THE YOUNG SOUBRETTE, SOON TO STAR IN A PLAY OF HER OWN.



COMPDIAN EUGENE CANFIELD,  
A BORN FUNMAKER, FAMOUS IN FARCE COMEDY.



A PROMINENT BOSTON BONIFACE.  
J. W. PITCHER, WELL-KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE EAST AS A  
GRAND GOOD FELLOW AND ORGANIZER.



MUSICAL MAX MARETZKE,  
A POPULAR PIONEER OF PIANO, OPERA AND CONCERT IN  
AMERICA, WELL-KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



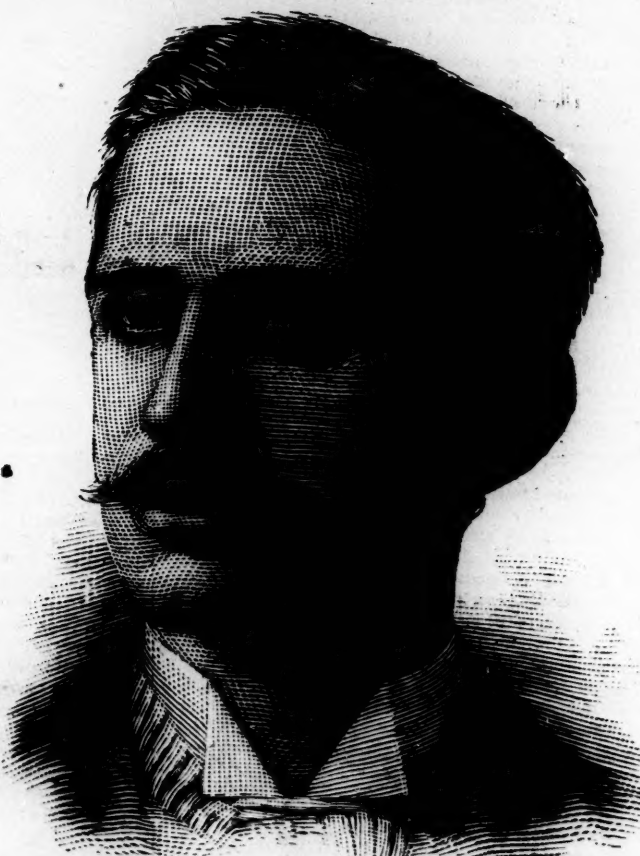
A NOTABLE IRISHMAN.  
JOHN H. BURKE, PRESIDENT OF BOSTON'S BENEFICENT ORGAN-  
IZATIONS, WHO IS NOTED FOR HIS CHARITY.



THE VERSATILE GUS HILL.  
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION CLUB SWINGER AND ALL-  
ROUND SHOWMAN NOW TRAVELING THROUGH THE WEST.



PROPRIETOR OF THE PELICAN CLUB.  
ERNEST WELLS, WHO CARES FOR THE WANTS OF LONDON'S  
CLUB AND SPORTING MEN.



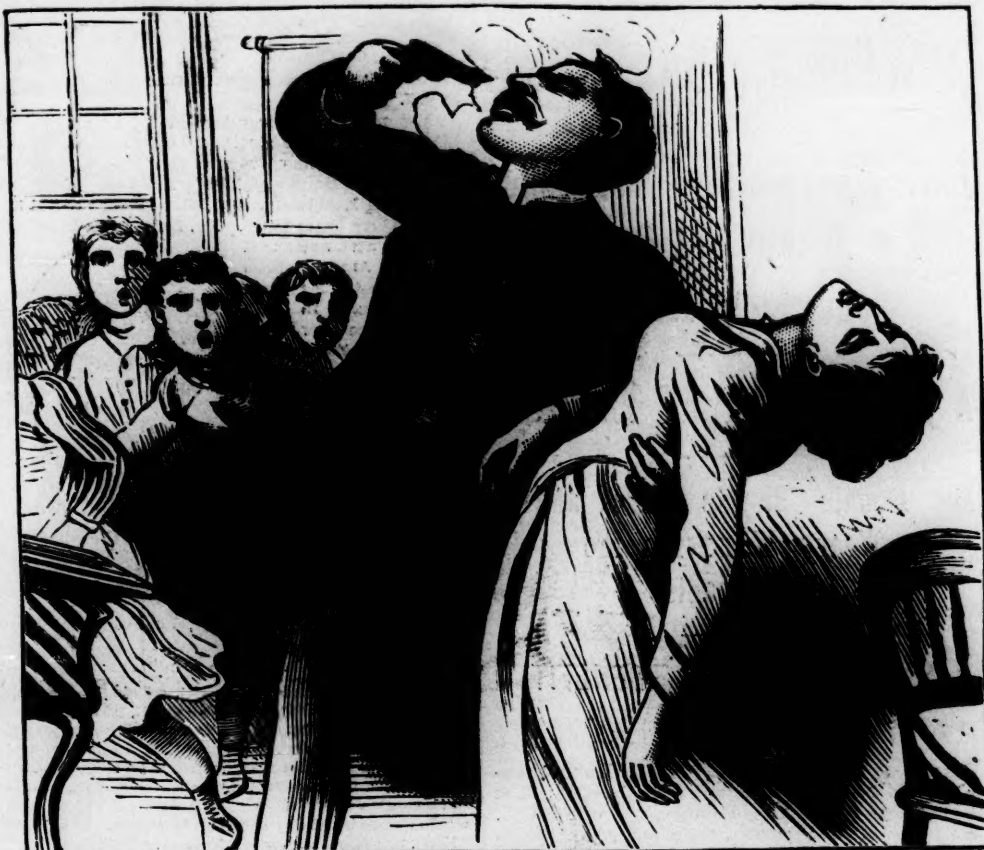
A CLEVER OPERA SINGER.  
JOHN J. RAFFAELI, THE SILVER-VOICED BARITONE OF MONROE  
AND RICE'S COMPANY FOR NEXT SEASON.





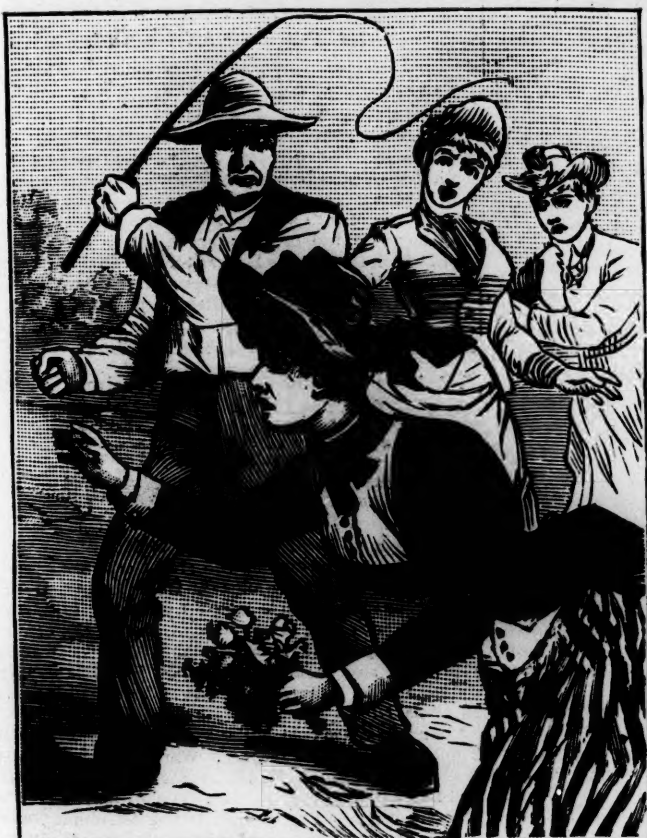
HELD UP A FUNERAL.

WHILE THE RELATIVES OF A NEW CHICAGO, MONT., MURDERED MAN ARE EN ROUTE TO THE GRAVE HIGHWAYMEN WORK THE MOURNERS.



SHOT IN A SCHOOLROOM.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., TEACHER KILLED BY HER HUSBAND, WHO ALSO SHOOTS HIMSELF, IN PRESENCE OF THE SCHOLARS.



HE HORSEWHIPPED WOMEN.

A DANBURY, CONN., DEACON ASSAULTS THREE OF HIS NEIGHBORS FOR PICKING FLOWERS IN HIS LOT.



TOO AWFULLY AWFUL FOR ANYTHING.

SOME BAD PERSON SWIPES THE HABILIMENTS OF ORANGE MOUNTAIN, N. J., NYMPHS WHILE THEY ARE BATHING.



THEY SAW SNAKES.

TWO WEBSTER, ILL., GIRLS PROVE THEY ARE NOT "ILL" GIRLS AND CLUB THE STUFFING OUT OF SERPENTS.



A DESPERADO FILLED WITH LEAD.

AN EXACTING MURDER AND DUEL IN A KANSAS CITY, KAN., COURT-ROOM IN WHICH THE AIR IS CROWDED WITH BULLETS.



## A WEEK OF BIG SPORT.

Exile Agreeably Astonishes  
His Backers at Graves-  
end, Long Island.

## A JOCKEY'S GREAT TRIUMPH

The Female Bicycle Race and a  
Weary Week for the  
Participants.

## JACK MAULIFFE'S BENEFIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

The great sensational race of the Eastern turf campaign, the Brooklyn Handicap, was run on May 15, at the Brooklyn Jockey Club grounds, Gravesend, L. I., and nearly 20,000 spectators, representing all classes and from all climes, were present. The attendance of society people was greater than ever seen before at the grounds, and the club house seats were occupied by the most noted patrons of the turf in America. Among them were August Belmont, Sr., and August Belmont, Jr.; Pierre Lorillard, Sr., and Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; J. A. Morris and his son J. H. Morris, A. J. Cassatt, D. D. Withers, W. L. Scott, the Dwyer Brothers, John Hunter, A. H. Purdy, J. H. Bradford, Milton Young, Walter Gratz, George Hawkins, Oden Bowie, Charles Wheatly, William Connor and many others.

The race is an annual fixed event upon which during the winter books are opened and large odds laid against the horses entered. Nearly all the crack jockeys and crack horses except Badger, owned by Dick Roche, were entered, and thousands of dollars in all parts of the country were wagered on the chances of each starter. This is how the betting ran:

Col. E. A. Buck, Col. S. D. Bruce, Matthew Riley, Capt. William Connor and many others.

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BETTING—STRAIGHT.	Opening Price.	First Bell.	Closing.
Exile.....	5 to 1 agst	2 to 1 agst	2 to 1 agst
Prince Royal.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Elkwood.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Richmond.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Juggler.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Handover.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Terra Cotta.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Elkwood.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Prince Royal.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Exile.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Richmond.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst
Juggler.....	5 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst	8 to 1 agst

PLACE BETTING.	Opening Price.	First Bell.	Closing.
Handover.....	2 to 1 on	5 to 3 on	2 to 1 on
Terra Cotta.....	5 to 3 on	5 to 3 on	5 to 3 on
Elkwood.....	2 to 1 agst	3 to 1 agst	5 to 2 agst
Prince Royal.....	5 to 3 on	2 to 1 on	2 to 1 on
Exile.....	2 to 1 agst	3 to 1 agst	2 to 1 agst
Richmond.....	2 to 1 agst	3 to 1 agst	2 to 1 agst
Juggler.....	3 to 1 agst	3 to 1 agst	3 to 1 agst

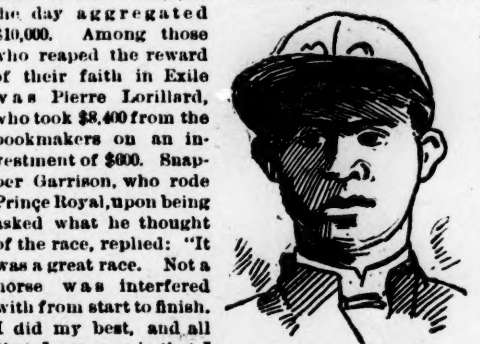
AUCTION POOLS.—Terra Cotta, \$380; Handover, \$360; Prince Royal, \$240; field, \$190.

"They're off! They're off!" was heard on all parts of the field as the flag was dropped. A second later Juggler, with Hanover at his collar, rounded into the near stretch, with Prince Royal and Exile three lengths behind them, heading the pack. Down came the pair side by side, and the short-track men yelled themselves hoarse as they saw Juggler gradually begin to creep away from the great horse, who only last year was considered well nigh invincible. As they passed the quarter post Juggler was a full half length before Hanover, and Prince Royal and Exile were swiftly diminishing the distance between him and them. When half way up the homestretch Hanover seemed to stop short, and the keen-eyed crowd yelled, almost in dismay, "Hanover is beaten! Why, he can't run a little bit." A moment later and the truth of this statement was apparent to every one. Prince Royal and Exile went by him as though he were hatched to a post, and were hot-foot after the leader. Juggler kept the post of honor until well around the upper turn, where Exile, who had passed Prince Royal at the half-mile post, colored him. He passed him in three jumps, and a second later he was given the go-by by Prince Royal. It was now seen that the fight was between this pair. They had hardly straightened up in the homestretch when Garrison began to ride the Prince with might and main.

For a moment it looked as though Belmont's pet would take the lead. Hamilton sat on Exile like a black statue until Prince Royal was at his horse's saddle girth; then he called on the famous Brighton Beacher, who instantly responded with a show of speed that made the adherents of the Prince grow sick at heart. Sooner than can be told Exile had opened a gap of daylight between himself and his eager pursuer. On he came, as steady as a clock, and to the horror and dismay of four-fifths of the spectators he dashed by the judges an easy winner by two open lengths. Then a thousand cheers smote the ears of the ten thousand losers. A grand horse had won a grand race, but in doing so he depleted the pockets of the vast majority of the onlookers, and they were not enthusiastic over their misfortune. Prince Royal, second, was twenty lengths before Terra Cotta, third. Elkwood, Juggler, Hanover and Richmond followed in Indian file. The

time by fractions was: 25, 50, 1:03, 1:10, 1:23, 1:41, 2:07, but half a second slower than Dry Monopoly's record, which was made with ten pounds less weight in 1887.

As soon as the victor returned to the judges' stand his neck was encircled with a mammoth floral horse-shoe, on which was wrought the legend, "Winner of the Brooklyn Handicap, 1889." The value of the stake to William Lakeland was \$7,000, to Prince Royal \$2,000, and to Terra Cotta \$1,000. Mr. Lakeland's winnings on the day aggregated \$10,000. Among those who reaped the reward of their faith in Exile was a Pierre Lorillard, who took \$8,400 from the bookmakers on an investment of \$800. Snapper Garrison, who rode Prince Royal, upon being asked what he thought of the race, replied: "It was a great race. Not a horse was interfered with from start to finish. I did my best, and all that I can say is that I think the best horse won." Many, to their sorrow, believed that he was right.



JOCKEY HAMILTON.

Here is the schedule of the conditions:

Third running of the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, for all ages; a sweepstake at \$100 each, half forfeit, \$25 only if declared by Feb. 20, 1889; the Club to add an amount necessary to make the gross value of the stakes \$10,000 (\$7,175 was added), of which \$2,000 to the second, \$1,000 to the third; weights announced Feb. 1; closed Jan. 1, 1889, with 54 entries, of which 9 declared; mile and a quarter.

W. Lakeland's b h Exile, aged, by Mortimer, dam Second Hand, 116; black, with white sleeves. Hamilton 1  
A. Belmont's ch c Prince Royal, 4, by Kingfisher, dam Princess, 120; maroon, scarlet sash and cap. Garrison 2  
Chicago Stable's ch h Terra Cotta, 5, by Harry O'Fallon, dam Laura B., 120, ear. 125; black, old gold sash. J. McLaughlin 3  
Edgmont Stable's b c Juggler, 4, by Jis Johnson, dam Avoca, 97, ear. 102; black, yellow sleeves and cap. A. McCarthy 4  
W. Gratz's ch h Elkwood, 6, by Eolus, dam Minnie Andrews, 120; black, red and yellow. Martin 5  
Dwyer Bros' ch h Hanover, 5, by Hindoo, dam Bourbon Belle, 122; red, blue sash, red cap. G. Taylor 6  
Acorn Stable's b h Richmond, aged, by Virgil, dam Alert, 110; white, crimson belt. F. Littlefield 7

Exile, the winner, was foaled in 1882, and as a two-year-old ran under the Rancocas cherry and black until the autumn meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club, when Lakeland bought him after a selling race for \$2,000.

Since that time he has won a number of good races under black and white. For the Brooklyn Handicap last year he finished third, ridden by George Taylor. He subsequently won at two miles over the Sheepshead Bay grass course, carrying 140 pounds, in 3:30, the best race ever run at the distance and weights. Lakeland kept Exile in training until the autumn meeting of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, when, on the seventh day, he beat Eurus for the Woodlawn Handicap at a mile and three-sixteenths over a heavy track in 2:06. He pulled up somewhat lame. It was nothing serious, but Lakeland decided to stop Exile for the year and to turn him out. Exile was all right in a day or two, but



THE LADIES EXCITED.

Lakeland, with his characteristic care refused to train him again, saying to the writer: "Exile has earned his keep this year. If I train him again he may break down entirely. If I rest him until next year he may stand training again and win me a good race." He has done exactly what Lakeland expected. The Brooklyn Handicap is worth \$7,000 to the winner.

Lakeland, by birth, is a Yorkshireman. He came over with his brother Al late in the sixties, and joined Capt. Cottrill's stable, which was then trained by the famous Tom Patterson, one of the most skillful and careful trainers of his day. Billy wore the old "cherry and white" in many well-contested races, and was trusted by the late Capt. Cottrill, after the death of Tom Patterson, with the entire management of the Mobile Stable. When Cottrill reduced his stable and gave up coming East, Lakeland came North with Little Reb a few other horses, and by good management, skill and care of his horses not only made for himself a reputation second to no other trainer now in the business, but has won for himself a comfortable fortune, with which he keeps his own family very nicely at Brighton, and the "old folk" at Paterson, N. J.

The New York World thus describes an interview with Hamilton, the colored jockey: It was in the jockeys' dressing-room, just after the great handicap. The boys were taking off their gayly colored jackets and laughing and talking over the race. Garrison, who rode Prince Royal, sat at one side by himself, looking very glum and sore. Andy McCarthy, the jockey on the favorite of the Clifton contingency, Juggler, his big mouth stretched from constant use and never silent for a minute, was keeping the other boys busy answering his sharp criticisms. Little bullet-headed Hamilton, who piloted the great Exile to victory, was the centre of an admiring and awe-struck crowd of youngsters. His black face shone with joy, and every individual wink on the top of his woolly head appeared to have assumed a proud individuality.

"I didn't know nuffin' at all about it. I jes' rode Exile and kept on riding till I won." After this rather vague description of the way he landed the Brooklyn handicap the boy became silent. But he was too gleeful to retain his new-found dignity, and so he remarked to

one of his attendants: "She was a buster, wasn't she?" He didn't explain who was, but the attendants understood him to mean the race. Poor little Taylor, who had ridden the great Hanover, and who sat doubled up in a heap on a bench near by, his pale face tucked down between his knees, the very picture of misery, without enough strength left to take off the famous red and blue of the Dwyers, lifted his lack-luster eyes and said, hoarsely:

"She were a buster, an' no mistake. I never in hall my life was so wery much put out," and then he went off into his trance again.

When he had got his racing clothes off and his other garments on, little Hamilton pulled his hat low down over his eyes, stuck his skinny black hands deep down in his trousers pockets and swaggered out the observed of all eyes. He lounged around the paddock and then walked up toward a group of stable boys. He was soon in the midst of them, and, without any prompting, he rattled away, so eager was he to tell the great story.

"You see, Mr. Lakeland, he never gives me no orders. He never says nothin' at all 'cept 'You better win dat race, you black rascal, an' ef ye don't I'll break every bone in yer black body.' An' then I says, 'I always does my best'—as he knows.

"I jes' loved dat horse Prince Royal needed a look-in' at," he said to the POLICE GAZETTE man, "an' I kep' a look-in' at him. 'You ain't a-gwine to git away from me, Mr. Royal.' I sez to myself. I didn't know we was off when de flag went down. We had 'ree breakaways, and me an' Prince we kep' close up. Whenever Prince went I went. When I got off I says: 'Um Mr. Exile got to git along; can't stau' no mo' foolin'. Mr. Exile; got to hump yo'self.'"



HAMILTON GETS THERE.

"Why did you let Juggler and Hanover get such a start on you going round the turn?" was asked.

"I never gave no notion to 'em," was Hamilton's reply. "I said: 'No sellin' plater from Clifton ken come over here and beat Mr. Lakeland's horse; an' I jes' laid low an' watched ole Royal. He was the only other horse in the race for me. I let out a wrap goin' around de turn when I see Royal a creepin' up. 'You can't fool me Mr. Royal,' I sez; 'I am a layin' low.'"

"You didn't think you were going to win, did you?" "I knowed I wer," was the sententious reply. "You don't raise 'em here good enough to beat Mr. Lakeland," and, proud of himself, proud of his horse and proud of his employer, little Hamilton strutted off.

The Fifth Avenue Casino, Brooklyn, was crowded on the night of May 14 by fifteen hundred people, who went to attend Jack McAuliffe's benefit and to witness a three-round go between him and Pat Smith. After bouts between well-known boxers, McAuliffe and Smith appeared in the ring. McAuliffe was seconded by Bob Drew, and Bob Smith handled Smith. The men then went at it hammer and tongs. For the first minute it was give and take, with a considerable display of science, and then McAuliffe rushed Smith to the railing, there being no ropes. Smith became nettled, and, losing some of his caution, sailed into McAuliffe with great vigor. He struck him a resounding whack in the face that made Smith's friends yell. The next instant McAuliffe struck Smith a blow on the chest, and Smith, taken unawares, fell heavily. Some said he slipped. He was badly hurt by the fall, and for a moment it looked as though he was done for. He made desperate efforts to get on his feet, and his limbs twitched convulsively like a person in an epileptic fit. He regained his feet in time to save himself, however, and renewed the fight.

After this there was some good sparring, until Smith was knocked down again, and the fight was then stopped. The impression is that there may be another and less public affair between the men.

The international six-day female bicycle race, eight hours a day, under the management of Billy O'Brien, ended at Madison Square Garden on May 18. The race was for the "Police Gazette" champion medal (previously won by Lottie Stanley in a similar competition) and 50 per cent. of the stake money. Miss Jessie Oakes, the famous English bicycle rider, won by half a mile from Miss Brown, who "drove her out" until the race ended. The score at the close of the race was as follows:

Oakes.....	Miles.	Laps.	Lewis.....	Miles.	Laps.
Brown.....	600	1	Stanley.....	594	4
Baldwin.....	600	0	Woods.....	625	5
Arnaldo.....	598	2	McShane.....	615	0

The first three lowered the 48-hour record of 625 1/2 miles, made by Lottie Stanley. The race was well managed by Billy O'Brien and his aides Achates, Dr. Weatherby, and was a success, nearly 4,000 spectators witnessing the finish.

The receipts of the week, it is estimated, will be about \$5,000. They grew steadily from the start. On Sunday night only \$297 was taken in; on Monday, \$477.50; Tuesday, \$554; Wednesday, \$514; Thursday, \$900; Friday, \$735; Saturday, about \$1,800. Of this the girls will get one-half, about as follows: First, \$825; second, \$400; third, \$375; fourth, \$275; fifth, \$225; sixth, \$150; seventh, \$100, and eighth, \$50.

## A DESPERADO FILLED WITH LEAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An exciting scene took place in a Kansas City, Kan., court recently. James Smith was being examined on a charge of burglary, and a large knife, said to belong to him, was one of the evidences of the crime. The weapon was lying on the desk before Justice Lewis. Detective Gilley was on the stand giving damaging evidence against the accused, who was seated behind him. Then Smith suddenly jumped up and grabbed the knife and drew it across the neck of the unsuspecting detective, almost cutting his head off. After this bloody piece of work Smith brandished the knife and attempted to cut his way to liberty. Officer Malone was the first man to bar his path. Smith stabbed Malone in the right thigh, but he did not go any farther, for the wounded officer turned and put a bullet in his brain and another into his body. At this point all the citizens in the court had drawn their pistols and began

shooting at Smith. Detective Gilley rose to his knees, and, with blood flowing in a stream from his throat, fired three shots into the already lifeless body of Smith. Gilley will probably die.

## HE HORSEWHIPPED WOMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Stephen Bates, a retired and wealthy farmer of Danbury, Conn., has got himself into a serious scrape by horsewhipping three women. The women are Mrs. C. E. Mead, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry and Mrs. Elizabeth Dunning. Recently they left the place where they were working and started for home. While on their way they went in to a lot owned by Bates and picked some wild flowers. They had only a few when Bates bounded over the fence with a horsewhip in his hand, and at once called in to whip them. The first of the three women he met was Mrs. Mead, whom he struck twice across the face with the whip. He then turned his attention to Mrs. Dunning, striking her four times, after which Mrs. Fry received his remarks and blows from his whip, every one of which left a mark. About 150 men who worked near by and saw the affair rushed at Bates, and would have lynched him but for cooler heads, who stopped them.

## KILLED HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Ward, of Memphis, Tenn., who is employed as engineer at the Memphis Gas Works, shot and killed his young wife recently, to whom he had been married but four months, after which he killed himself. Ward came home and went to his wife's chamber and asked her for a kiss. She, seeing an expression of wildness on his face, left the room saying she would kiss him later. With a bulldog pistol in his hand, he followed her into the hall and fired three shots into her back and shoulders. After committing the crime Ward ran into a room fifty feet away and sent a bullet through his own brain. Miss Ward who was present at the shooting, attempted to stop her brother from shooting his wife, but her efforts were useless. The couple eloped about four months ago and were married without the consent of the bride's parents.

## HALF KILLED AN UMPIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Athletics, a baseball nine of Long Island City, and the Excelsiors, of Winfield, L. I., played a game of ball recently at Winfield, which ended in a victory for the former. The defeated club took exception to the ruling of Umpire Robert Doyle, and as he was about leaving the ground one of the Excelsiors struck him over the head with a bat. This seemed to be a signal for the rest of the brutal players to sail on and beat him, which they did. He was terribly maltreated before his friends and the members of the Athletic club could rescue him. Umpire Doyle may die.

## A LUCKY MACHINIST.

J. D. Biser Actually Draws and Receives \$15,000 from The Louisiana State Lottery.

The announcement heretofore made in these columns to the effect that J. D. Biser, a machinist at the Mansfield Machine Works, had drawn \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, has excited the people of this community, and there are few who have been inclined to believe it. With a view to learning whether the statement was correct or not, a representative of this paper called on that gentleman at the Noggle House Wednesday evening.

The writer found a man about fifty years of age, who said he is single, and came to Mansfield about two years ago from Waynesburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Concerning his sudden fortune, Mr. Biser said:

"For two years past I have been trying my luck in The Louisiana State Lottery. When I commenced I made up my mind to make a systematic matter of it, and buy a ticket every month. Accordingly I sent at the proper time \$1 by express to the Germania Bank, of New Orleans. In this way I have spent \$34, and before this drawing was fortunate twice, each time to the extent of \$5.

"My number in the last drawing was 42,074. On the day after the drawing I got a telegram with 70 cents charges. I hesitated about paying, but after the messenger assured me that the telegram was valuable I paid the sum. I was afraid to open it in the hotel office for fear it was the announcement of a death at home. I therefore went up stairs to my room, and found that it informed me of my being the winner of one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$300,000.

"I did not send my ticket to New Orleans at once for collection, but thought I would wait till the list came, and on Saturday following I gave the ticket to the Wells-Fargo Express Company for collection and took their receipt.

"On last Monday, April 29th, I received the money from the express company. It consisted of \$15,000 in bills of the denomination of \$100 down to \$20. The package was counted at the Citizens' Bank. I drew out \$300 and deposited \$14,700 in three of the city banks, \$5,000 each in two and \$4,700 in a third."

Up to this time the writer had nothing but the word of Mr. Biser, and was determined to solve the question beyond all equivocation. Mr. Biser was asked whether he would let the writer see the certificates of deposit. He said:

"They are upstairs and I don't care to go up now. It's too much trouble. I have the money and don't care whether anybody believes it or not. Go to the banks and ask them."

The writer told him that doubtless the banks would decline to give out the information unless ordered to do so by himself, and he said:

"Come along upstairs and I'll show you the certificates."

Following Mr. Biser, the writer went to his room and Mr. B. unlocked his trunk. From a memorandum book he took out three certificates of deposit. Two were for \$5,000 each, and the third for \$4,700, as he had previously stated. "The certificates settled the matter of his having the sums designated on deposit as he had related, as they were genuine and spoke for themselves.

In order to make certain from all quarters that the money was actually received in this city, the writer called on Mr. O. A. Smith, of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express. The gentleman, who is a well-known Mansfield citizen, showed the entries on his book concerning the transaction. In this J. D. Biser receipts for \$15,000 from New Orleans, on April 29th. Mr. Smith stated that the money was actually received and paid over to Mr. Biser, as stated.—Mansfield (Ohio) Herald, May 2.

Don't forget to tell your newsdealer to save you a copy of POLICE GAZETTE No. 613, and be sure that you get the Elegant Colored Supplement that accompanies it.



## BLANC'S AWFUL CRIME

### A Cincinnati, Ohio, Man's Attempt to Kill His Whole Family.

### A BRUTAL, BLOODY DEED.

While Accusing His Wife of Infidelity He Is a Bigamist Himself.

### HE BLOWS HIS OWN BRAINS OUT.

Cincinnati, O., is shivering over the results of a tragedy which occurred in that populous city on Sunday of last week. On that day Moritz J. Blanc, a well-to-do and well-known chemist, residing in the Kenilworth Flats, on Seventh street, near Plum, fired a bullet into his wife's head, and then dragging his innocent young daughter into a front room, ruthlessly slew her with a well-directed shot. Then turning the weapon upon himself, he sent a bullet crashing into his brain, falling on the blood-stained carpet beside the slain innocent in whom the vital spark was fast flickering out. Within five minutes this all had occurred, so rapidly did the crazed husband perform his awful work.



MORITZ J. BLANC.

Ten minutes before the killing Blanc, who had quarreled the previous night with his wife and had created a scene in the house that attracted the attention of the rest of the tenants, entered the kitchen where his wife was lying on a mattress, on which she had laid down early in the morning, fleeing from her bedroom fearing the violence of the man who now approached her. There was a dangerous gleam about his hollow eyes and the woman instinctively felt that a crisis had been reached. The servant girl, Lizzie Weg, who was in the kitchen, was ordered to prepare a pot of coffee, and a child, little Edith Blanc, six years old, was dispatched to a neighboring grocery for milk. An order to leave the room was disobeyed by the girl and Blanc left himself. He returned within five minutes, and sliding back into the kitchen approached his wife and demanded: "What are you going to do?"



MRS. BLANC.

"I'm going to-night to the springs," was the prompt answer.

As the servant girl looked she saw Blanc whip a pistol from behind his back, and with a quick motion place it near Mrs. Blanc's left ear and fire. Frightened beyond measure, the girl ran out into the hall. A moment later the young woman, shrieking with pain and her face streaming with blood, dashed out behind her and throwing open the door leading into the general hall, fell fainting at the head of the staircase. Here she was found by Mr. R. A. Moore, nephew of Mrs. Dr. Aldrich, who lives in a flat above that of the Blancs. He had heard the shot and the shrieks for help, and running down stairs, found Mrs. Blanc lying almost unconscious at the stairway.

Picking her up, he carried her to the apartments of her aunt, where she was attended by a number of physicians, who were summoned by a dozen messengers. After Mrs. Blanc had escaped, the desperate man locked the door, and rushing through the bed-chamber



THEY VISITED THE GARDENS.

and dining-room, where his daughter Flora, a winsome and beautiful girl of eight years, was standing, having left off her task of preparing her writing lesson for today's class. She had just placed her slate on the table and called out: "What's the matter, Lizzie?" through the open door, when her father, pistol in hand, sprang to her side.

Roughly drawing her closer to him, he placed the muzzle of the weapon against her right temple and fired the second shot. Without a cry or a moan the pretty little victim sank down unconscious, with her

bright brown hair soaked with blood and her fair young face bedabbled with powder and blood.

Then, with his face toward her, he placed the revolver to his own head, and a moment later fell backward with a shot in the same spot as the little girl. His stronger vitality, however, caused him to struggle unconsciously, and, when found, was lying face downward, his feet almost touching those of his victim. For a moment all was still in the building, and then began a terrible uproar. The screams, the shots, the sight of the bleeding woman, and the stillness in the Blanc flat told the story in an instant. The tenants of



WHAT HE SAYS HE SAW.

the building poured hastily down the stairs, and collected in front of the door. All efforts to open it proved futile, and the calls to those within were not answered. The janitor of the building, Joseph Henson, running out, went to the quarters of Patrol Squad No. 1, on George, near Plum street, and notified the officers of what had occurred. With Officer Judd, of the House of Detention, they hastily responded. On reaching the door leading to the fatal flat, Officers Fagen and White drew their revolvers, and, kicking on the lower panels, demanded that it be opened. They were not answered, and Driver Lynch was called for to force a way into the apartments. He used a crowbar in the work, the other officers standing by his side, with cocked revolvers awaiting an anticipated attack from Blanc, who they were informed was a desperate man.

After a few vigorous strokes from the powerful officer the door gave way and the party cautiously entered. The servant girl, pale as a sheet and frightened almost out of her senses, was found crouching in the hall, and was turned over to sympathetic ladies outside. Step by step the fatal route was traversed until at last they stepped into the chamber of death. Here they found Blanc and his daughter lying prostrate, gasping spasmodically. The fatal revolver was picked up from between their feet.

Seeing that they still lived, it was resolved to take them to the City Hospital. Officer Judd picked the lit-



HE SHOT HIS WIFE.

tle girl up in his arms and bore her down stairs to the waiting wagon, the remaining members of the squad performing a like office for the murderous suicide.

Mr. Blanc, as well as his daughter, have been buried. Mrs. Blanc may recover.

Public opinion was at first lukewarm as against Blanc. It was said that his brain had been unbalanced because of the fact that his wife had been unfaithful to him. Suspecting her infidelity he had, with a friend, placed her under a system of espionage, and, with a friend, had apprehended her in the act of coming out of a local bawdy with an alleged gambler named Harry Hoffman. This drove him frantic. He returned to his home and indicted a letter, of which the following is a copy:

CINCINNATI, May 12, 1899.  
TO THE PUBLIC—In this step which I am brought to undertake (murder) I beg you all to investigate before condemnation. I married this woman in good faith, and loved her as my life, but on Saturday last came my death blow and here, when I saw her going into and leaving the ill-repute house of Mrs. Foster, on Race, near Twelfth, having one Harry Hoffman for her companion. This man is a noted gambler. I refer you to Clark street and the neighborhood for her past conduct, and also to the grocery store on Race, near Twelfth street; also the cigar store at the corner of Race and Twelfth streets, where that dog waited for her coming. I will say no more.

MORITZ J. BLANC.

The Cincinnati Enquirer puts a different phase on the subject after investigation. It relates that Blanc was a betrayer and bigamist. We quote this in connection with the case:

As investigation proceeds it becomes more apparent that Blanc, in addition to being a professional betrayer of women, was a bigamist. It is known that he was married at least four times, and if his actions during his stay of two years in this city be any criterion, it is a

Kilrain and Sullivan, as they will appear in the ring, will be the subject of that Elegant Colored Supplement that will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 618, out June 8th.

matter of no little speculation as to how many wives he really had.

The woman whom he attempted to murder last Sunday morning had long suspected that her husband had another wife living, her suspicion being aroused by a remark made by his daughter Flora, not long after their marriage. While walking one day with her parents she volunteered the remark to Mrs. Blanc:

"You are my fourth mamma. I have had three others."

This caused Blanc to fly into a violent rage, and after contradicting the child he whipped her severely. Between her childish sobs she showed that she spoke the truth by saying:

"Why, you know you have, papa; you told me so yourself."

Last week Mrs. Blanc and Mr. J. C. Hanover, her father, were summoned to the office of Geo. S. Bailey, a practicing attorney in the Johnston building, in order that they might make depositions that a marriage had taken place between her and Blanc in this city. This naturally aroused the curiosity of both people, and questioning Mr. Bailey, they learned that the depositions had been secured at the request of Ramsey and Clark, attorneys, of 23 Court street, Boston, Mass. On April 30 Mr. Hanover wrote to those gentlemen asking the reason for wanting the depositions.

This answer among others, was received:

BOSTON, May 3, 1899.  
JOHN C. HANOVER—Dear Sir: A decree was entered to-day in the Superior Court annulling the marriage between Moritz Blanc and Lillian A. Taylor. This decree renders the marriage of Mr. Blanc with your step-



THE MURDER OF FLORA.

daughter legal so far as Mrs. Taylor is concerned and so far as we know. We are happy that the whole matter has ended without further annoyance or serious results to you and your step-daughter. Respectfully,  
RAMSEY & CLARK.

Then the news came that there was another wife in London, and further returns are showing up.

The general feeling now appears to be that whatever shortcomings the last Mrs. Blanc may have been guilty of, Blanc should have killed himself first—if that were possible.

### STATEN ISLAND'S MYSTERY.

Was May Tobin Thrown Overboard or Did She Suicide?—A Most Remarkable Case.

On Sunday, May 12, Thomas W. Armonr, the janitor of the Clifton Boat Club, at Staten Island, saw a body floating in the water about 250 feet from the boat house. He at once waded out to it and found it to be the body of a well-dressed young lady, who wore a black dress and had on kid gloves. After towing it ashore he notified the coroner, who arrived and at once had the body removed from the water.

Among the many who called to view the remains of the girl was Dr. S. A. Robinson of West Brighton, S. I., who at once said she was Miss Mary E. Tobin, of Franklin, Pa., who, until Saturday, April 13, had been employed as his office assistant, and that on that date she had resigned her place, saying she intended to go to her home in Franklin and was to be married in the fall. She expressed her two trunks, one to Franklin and the other to Brooklyn.

Dr. Robinson was called upon some days later by a Mrs. McKenna, of Brooklyn, who said she was worried about the girl, as she had sent her trunk to their house but had not called to claim it. A week ago the girl's brothers, Daniel S. and David Tobin, called at Dr. Robinson's office to inquire about their sister and ascertain where she was. This, of course, excited the doctor, as the girl said she was going home, but he could give them no information, and he had not seen her until she was found in the water. The girl's father arrived at Staten Island in response to a telegram sent by Coroner Hughes, and identified her as his daughter late on Monday afternoon. An intimate friend of Miss



THEY TOOK LITTLE WALKS.

Tobin said on Tuesday that Miss Tobin had told her that the man she had intended to marry was Dr. Bryan, of West Brighton, and when Dr. Bryan was seen and asked whether Miss Tobin and he were engaged to be married, he would not deny or admit it, but simply said: "I decline to say anything about the matter."

By order of Coroner Hughes an autopsy was held by Dr. Feeney, and on Wednesday night the inquest was begun by the coroner in his undertaker's shop. The little office was packed by the jury, reporters and citi-

zens, who came from far and near. It was thought by many that the girl had been betrayed and had killed herself to hide her shame, but the testimony of Dr. Loomis, who took the stand, dispelled this suspicion.



THE DARK BODY FOUND.

He announced emphatically that after a thorough microscopic examination of the organs, submitted to him by Dr. Feeney, he had been unable to discover any indication either that Miss Tobin had been betrayed or was the victim of asphyxiation.

Dr. John L. Feeney, who performed the autopsy, was then called, and testified that he had been asked by Coroner Hughes to make the examination.

"I made a partial examination," said he, "which disclosed the fact that she had died of asphyxiation."

The next witness was Dr. Bryan. He said:

"The last time I saw Miss Tobin was on the 15th of April, in my office at West Brighton. When she called there were others waiting to see me, so she waited until they had gone. After remaining some fifteen minutes she got up to go. It was not time for her train, but she knew that I had an urgent call to make, so she said she would go over to the station and wait there for the train alone. I went to the station with her and we walked up the plank walk once or twice leading from the sidewalk to the station door. I then bade her good night and left her there. She went into the station and I went to my house. When I got back to my office I found a book which the girl had left and which afterward I found belonged to Dr. Robinson."

"Before you go on I would like to make one more statement. I was engaged to be married to Miss Tobin. I made her acquaintance in 1894, I think. The call I made on April 15, after leaving Miss Tobin, was on Mrs. E. J. Field at Willow Brook. The date of our marriage was not fixed. It was when she returned to Staten Island that our acquaintance really began. Our en-



AT THE INQUEST.

agement was consummated three months ago. The name of the mutual friend was Miss Vaughn."

After one or two more witnesses had been examined the inquest was adjourned until the following evening.

The following day's session elicited nothing of importance, and as the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press nothing has occurred to decisively stamp the curious case as one of suicide, murder or accident.

### A KENTUCKY GIRL'S DEED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The 16-year-old granddaughter of Judge Edward Strong, of Breathitt county, Winchester, Ky., planned an elopement with a colored man named Milton Richmond, recently. Judge Strong got on to the plans, and with a few friends started after the fugitives, and soon overtook them. They were commanded to surrender, which command was answered by a shot from the revolver of the negro, which pierced Judge Strong's hand. In another instant the colored rascal was as dead as a door nail, with fourteen bullets in his body. The girl was then given a severe beating and sent home. When her father, Pearl Strong, learned the facts, he drew a pistol and fired at her. A friend, who was near, knocked up his hand, thus saving the girl's life. He then tried to blow his own brains out, but only inflicted a bad scalp wound.

### MARY'S MATRIMONIAL DIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

After having a quarrel with her father over a young man to whom she is engaged to be married, Miss Mary Cleary, of Omaha, Neb., stole from her house to Big Lake, and, after having carefully arranged her dress, uttered an unearthly scream and plunged into the water. John Stellen, who was hunting near the lake, saw the girl jump and rushed to the spot as she was going down for the third time. He at once waded out into the water and dragged her ashore. After working with her a short time, he brought her back to consciousness and then sent her home. The difference between father and daughter will be settled by a wedding.

### A WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every prominent amateur athlete and oarsman has heard, seen or read of Eugene Giannini, of the New York Athletic Club, whose portrait appears in this issue. He is a famous athlete and one of the crew of the New York Athletic Club champion eight-oared crew.

Don't forget to tell your newsdealer to save you a copy of POLICE GAZETTE No. 618, and be sure that you get the Elegant Colored Supplement that accompanies it.





MARRIED IN THE GLOAMING.

FRED CHAMBERLAIN AND NELLIE HUNGERFORD SPICED IN HARTFORD'S GRETA GREEN WHILE THE CABBY WAITS FOR THEM.



MARY'S MATRIMONIAL DIVE.

MISS CLEARY, OF OMAHA, NEB., DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE, JUMPS OVERBOARD AND IS RESCUED IN TIME FOR THE NUPTIALS.



HALF KILLED THE UMPIRE.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., BALLPLAYERS OBJECT TO BEING BULLDOZED AND JUMP ON THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.





A WEEK OF BIG SPORT.  
HOW OUR FUN-LOVING CITIZENS AND CITIZENESSES ENJOYED THEMSELVES BETWEEN  
THE TWO SUNDAYS JUST CROWDED OUT.



## REACH RECOVERING.

## Morton's Faith in Players' Convictions of Right and Wrong.

## MALTREATING AN UMPIRE.

Washington has at last cut the string and set O'Brien adrift. The Baltimore, in their new uniforms, look like a lot of escaped convicts.

Kid Baldwin, we are sorry to hear, is dissipating most frightfully, as it is asserted he smokes twelve cigarettes a day.

All the pitchers are getting hit hard this year, as they have got to put the ball over the plate without any funny business.

Al Reach is recovering slowly and it is thought he is out of danger, although for some time he lay in a critical condition, from the terrible shock he received at the announcement that Ryan wanted a five years' contract at \$4,000 a year. It was at first reported that he had dropped dead; but that was a mistake, as he only had a paralytic stroke.

Harrisburg has a bloody Dubb of an umpire that everybody is sore on but Harrisburg. The style in which he deals out justice to a visiting club is enough to make cold chills run up one's back, with the thermometer indicating 110 in the shade.

Rafaeline is not exactly a "back number," but he is crawling along in that direction, as he is now complaining of rheumatism.

The Baltimore have been playing the dirtiest ball in the country this season, which is the secret of the success with which they have met.

Paul Hines is pretty nearly ripe enough for shoving, and if he holds out with the Indianapolis club this year he will be doing great work.

There is a certain ball player for whom we have great respect, and that reason, coupled with the fact that he has not only signed the pledge, but has given us his solemn promise that he will never drink again, we withhold his name. The last but he was caught have been simply frightful, as he writhed in agony and was confined to his bed for some days. Since his recovery he tells the following story:

"I was playing centre field, my regular position, when a ball was hit over my head. I ran very hard after it, slipped and fell into a nest of thirty-two rattlesnakes. I sprang to my feet, but my legs gave way, and I fell again to the ground, and lay there prostrated for hours, fighting off the horrible creatures with my hands and feet. The two teams came to my assistance and killed twenty-six of the horrible reptiles, some of which measured six feet in length." While we are inclined to be just and fair, we will most certainly expose his name if he breaks faith with us and drinks again.

A New Orleans tobacco man has adopted the Southern League for his advertising medium, and will, therefore, put up a trophy for the winning club.

This is a very good year for Staley to practice pitching. With four balls and three strikes he has so much leeway that it is thought he can get good command of the ball long before the close of the season.

The Winfield club is a gang that takes no fooling. When they cannot get anything else they are satisfied with blood. The Athletics of Long Island City knocked the tar out of them, and they got square by trying to kill the umpire. They knocked him down with a bat, and after they got tired clubbing him they got out their knives and put a few holes in him. Their intention was to have him stuffed and put him on exhibition, but they were deprived of this pleasure by the Star Athletics rescuing him and carrying him off home. Now, the Winfield baseball also are a very energetic lot of young men, and they were not going to be done out of their man in this manner, so they went home and reinforced themselves with their fathers and their mothers, their sisters and their brothers, fighting dogs, guns and clubs, and went down to the depot with the intention of not only putting the umpire in a glass case, but the entire Athletic crowd as well; but they were bitterly disappointed, as the Long Island City gang made their escape by another route. The Winfields are a rattling good club, and they play such a magnificent game that everybody seems to be afraid of them, and every club they challenge very respectfully declines going out to Winfield.

Chattanooga is giving up \$500 a month to an inferior Cincinnati amateur because he is of the same name of a crack American Association pitcher.

The Philadelphia patrons seem to be trying to run the Philadelphia club, as they have soured on Mulvey and are making a bid to get Wood on third.

Dunlap has again unearthed that old, decayed chestnut, and declares that he will permanently retire from the arena "at the end of the present season."

Ned Hanlon, in order to facilitate matters in getting to second base, borrowed Cub Stricker's face to slide on. He forgot to grease it, and the result was that it looked like a piece of raw beef by the time he had dusted off the gravel with his hand.

Tom Burns, of the Brooklyn club, and Bob Ferguson, the umpire, are great admirers of each other. Their last pleasant little love scene was when Tommy insisted upon telling Bob how much he thought of him, which cost Burns \$25.

The cowboys are making it interesting for all the clubs in the Association. None of them has a soft snap when they run up against the Kansas City.

Instead of Jimmy Peoples going down to fame as a catcher, it is feared that he will go into the soup, through his sore arm. He is not any too fond of work, and when it is piled upon him he invariably gets a very sore arm.

The Kansas City people are very much pleased with Tucker, and they are urging the management of their club to buy his

release from Baltimore, as they would like to use his voice for a calypso when he is not playing ball.

The Newark people were recently very much alarmed when they thought they were going to be swallowed up by a terrible earthquake; but their minds were relieved when they discovered that it was only the Newark management suspending Norman L. Baker, who is now in California.

Tucker met with a serious accident while the Baltimore were playing in St. Louis. He was standing on third base line, coaching, during a very exciting stage of the game, while Hornung was stealing from second to third. There was no time to lose, and he bent forward and yelled to Hornung to slide. The latter was going at a lightning rate of speed, and, before the ten thou-

sand spectators present could grasp the situation, Hornung made his desperate slide, clearing the base and disengendering down Tucker's throat. The third baseman got the ball, touched the bag and claimed the play; but Tucker, with his usual presence of mind, had swung one foot on the bag the moment he felt Hornung's head head slipping through the cavity.

The Ball Players' Brotherhood is as strong as limberger cheese, and the odor is just about as pleasant. There was a time when they possessed the ability to call down the League, but that day, like the period of the Labor party's power, has passed away forever. The trouble with them is, "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

Nat Hudson is himself again. The moment he got hit hard his sore arm racket commenced, and it is thought it will last until about the 4th of July.

A Philadelphia paper says: "A growl in Philadelphia is equal to a howl in other cities, and that Umpire Fessenden can prepare himself for a series of howlings." It strikes us that this is a mild way to hint at an umpire and induce him to render his decisions in favor of the home club. We would have been very much surprised to see this paragraph in any first-class journal, but the fact of its having appeared in *Sporting Life* is what might have been expected, as it is only in keeping with that paper and its editor.

That spring chicken, Hardie Henderson, is being rejuvenated, and is to be given a trial by the Columbus club.

Manager Morton's idea of trusting to the honor of his players is a great scheme for the players, and there is not a ball team in the United States that would not like to have the same view taken by their manager. Morton says: "Your conception of what is right and what is wrong is just as good as mine. If you ever want to be out later than eleven o'clock let me know, and if your request is reasonable, I will excuse you." They say Morton is an old ball player himself, and that is the reason he is so extremely liberal. The very fact of his being so lenient is, in our eyes, an impressive illustration of his incompetency as a manager, for everybody knows, that the more rope you give a ball player the more he will take.

Weekbecker used to think it looked so cute to see two players running together, but since the collision he had in Peoria he does not think it feels quite so nice as it looks. It made him feel rather weary, and, if anything, he felt rather grateful for the free ride he got on a stretcher.

Although the triumph had the power to shift John Morrill from Boston to Washington, they could not send his many Boston admirers with him as they will find out June 13th when the Washingtons play their first game in Boston. Even at this early date the beneactors are subscribing liberally to a purse to be presented to the man whom they all love, honor and respect.

Watch Burnham, the ex-umpire and ex-manager, is now a commercial traveler; but that does not make any difference, as he will never be lost to the baseball world. No matter if he ascends or descends, his memory will ever remain green in the minds of the players and patrons of the game. For the man who has the unobtrusive cheek to buy a gold watch and have it presented to himself, before a crowd, makes a record as enduring as the rock of Gibraltar, and will go down to fame among the principal events of our national game. There is no reason why he should not make a grand success as a commercial traveler.

George Miller has stopped keeping game chickens, because he is tired of dogs. He will now try cats and birds.

Jack Farrell was going to put a head on Dave Orr, because he thought Dave tried to injure him intentionally. However, Jack thought better of it, and Dave's head was not increased in size. The fact is, that Dave Orr is one of the very best men in the arena, and had Jack attempted carrying out his threat Dave would have turned him over his knee and worn out the seat of his trousers.

Baseball players are not superstitious. Cincinnati discarded her Nelly uniform because it was unlucky and lay all their defeats this season to their abandonment of the red.

Well! This is rich! Long John Reilly is going to retire next year, because he is afraid he will be crippled for life through the rough play which is now in vogue in the Association. If there is any man in the American Association who is better posted in putting this rough playing into practical use than John Reilly is himself, he must be a pretty cunning mug.

Billy Taylor is not dead yet, by any means. The first game he pitched for the Birmingham club he won; and, before the season closes, he expects to be able to knock the cover from off the ball.

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"JUNE"

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## SPORTING MELANGE.

## Arrangements Begun for the McAuliffe-Meyer Fight.

## NEWS FROM OVER THE BIG POND.

The following special cable was received from George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office May 18:

LONDON, May 18. Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell gave exhibitions in Dublin, Ireland. Big houses. Tremendous reception to Kilrain.

Tom Meadows, Australian pugilist, arrived and issued challenge to meet any man his weight for £200. It is expected Joe Thompson, Australian bookmaker, will back him.

Jem Smith fully recovered. Shortly issue challenge fight Jackson or anybody, £200.

Captain Jenks backing Kilrain heavily. Will invest £1,000. He was in France when Sullivan and Mitchell fought. Bet heavily.

Sullivan's battle with Kilrain creating great interest. Many prominent members of Victoria and Pelican clubs will go over to witness it.

Darby, phenomenon jumper, challenges any man in the world for three, six or ten jumps. Buffalo Bill probably match Broncho Bill against him.

Donovan backed heavily for Darby. Will cable when Kilrain sails.

Harry Gilmore and Paul Patillo fought ten rounds at Toronto recently, and, to the surprise of the sporting talent, Patillo nearly knocked Gilmore out.

J. W. Geoghan, of the California Amateur Athletic Club, has arrived in this city. He will probably take part in several of the athletic games here.

The amateur billiard tournament of the New York Racquet Club ended on May 18, and Mr. Orville Odell, Jr., won the final game, beating Arthur Townsend.

The "Police Gazette" champion rifle shot, Annie Oakley, is going to compete for the greatest trap shooting prize of the world, the Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, next February.

At Nashville's (Tenn.) great race meeting, on May 9, the surprise of the day was the defeat of Galen and Chilliowie by Angelus and J. T. Mulkey's entry for the Norfolk Handicap, but the genuine sensation was the pulling off of Jimmy McLaughlin and the horse Terra Cotta.

The New York "Daily News," May 12, says: "Sporting men who had taken time by the forelock and backed Sullivan to win in his battle with Kilrain are now trying to hedge their money, but it is difficult for them to do so, especially as they laid odds in many instances."

Bob Smith, the well-known veteran pugilist, second and trainer, did not train Faddy Smith for his "go" with Jack McAuliffe, and he does not wish to be quoted as having done so. Smith is an experienced trainer and an efficient second, and has handled many a champion.

There must be great profit at bookmaking at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track. On the day the Brooklyn Handicap was run all one firm could rake and scrape together was just \$300. But luck was on their side, and the trio quit the day with \$4,300. Another took in \$4,700 and didn't pay out a cent. Another made \$11,000, and a fourth \$6,600.

On Puget Sound, at Tacoma, W. T., on May 16, William O'Connor, the champion oarsman of America, and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge rowing cup, won the first prize in the single-scull regatta. O'Connor rowed the course, 1½ miles in 14 minutes 2 seconds. Henry Peterson was second, Albert H. Hann was third, and George Lee fourth.

Frank White, the well-known light-weight, of this city, has been making Cleveland howl since he arrived in that city. On May 14 White was matched to meet Jack Bates, of Youngstown, Ohio, on June 12 for \$500 a side, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. Each is to weigh in at 125 pounds. A forfeit of \$100 has been deposited by each contestant. Two-ounce gloves will be used.

Duncan C. Ross, the famous all-round athlete, and Antoine Pierre, wrestler at Worcester, Mass., on May 12. The match was at catch-as-catch-can style, three hours, for \$250 a side. When the three hours were up each man had won one fall, and the referee declared the match a draw. The first bout lasted 45 minutes, and was won by Pierre. After 45 minutes wrestling Ross secured his fall, and, after another wait of 45 minutes of mere "wrestling" without a fall, the three hours were completed.

The nine-days—twelve hours a day—pedestrian race, to be held at Coney Island, will be fraught with interest. Jimmy Albert, the Philadelphia phenomenon; Gus Guerrero, Dan Harty, Carewright, Peter Golden and all the other best known "ped" will compete. Attractive features in the way of short distance runs will form a specialty. Manager Frank Stevin, whose headquarters are at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, is in receipt of communications from pedestrians and would be pedestrians from all over the country. The *POLICE GAZETTE* offers a handsome gold medal to be competed for by newsboys.

Billy Madden, manager for Champion Jack McAuliffe, has, on McAuliffe's behalf, covered Billy Myers' \$500 deposit and accepted the challenge of Myers for a fight to a finish for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. Madden offers to make a match, the same conditions to prevail as in the fight at North Judson, Ind., only that the fight shall take place within 500 miles of New York. If Myers objects to fighting in this locality McAuliffe will fight him in any of the California Athletic Clubs for a purse, and will bet \$2,500 to \$5,000 on the outcome. If the above is suitable to Myers, Madden will meet him any time he



## "REFEREE'S" REMARKS.

### Chit Chat About the Kilrain-Sullivan Fight and Other Matters.

#### ALL ABOUT THE BIG STAKES.

The national topic in sporting circles in all parts of the world is the prize ring encounter between Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., who retained as champion from 1887 until May, 1888, when he lost the title by default to the present holder by his failure to defend the pugilistic premier ship by the rules governing the prize ring championship. As the day draws near—July 8—when the gladiators are to meet and battle with nature's weapons unadorned, the interest over the great match increases, and in all parts of the world the many admirers of both Sullivan and Kilrain are discussing the merits of the respective pugilists, and speculating on the probable result of the encounter.

The London prize ring rules are to govern July's great fight, and the stakes, \$10,000 a side, now held by Alfred H. Cridge, is the largest amount, not only ever battled for, but ever put up on a fist encounter, or any other trial of speed and endurance, pluck or stamina.

The "Police Gazette" champion belt, which is valued at \$2,500, and which trophy represents the fist championship of the world, is also to be contended for, which, with the amount of stakes, makes the battle more of extraordinary importance, and there is not the least doubt but that four times the amount of stakes will be wagered in all parts of the world on the issue of the battle.

Not only will the wagers be confined to the result of the encounter, but on the three most important episodes that occur in all fist encounters in which, more especially, London prize ring rules govern—first blood, first knock-down and first fall.

By advice from Australia, England, Ireland, Canada, California and New South Wales, it is understood that already brisk speculation has begun, and that Sullivan is a slight favorite. Betting odds on a horse or man does not make him successful, and in nine cases out of ten, the favorite, to use a bookmaker's phrase, are thrown down. In the present case it appears strange that Sullivan should have the call in the betting, and it is mystifying to think, after his numerous failures and drawbacks, that his admirers should offer odds on his prospects of conquering Kilrain.

Upon what line or upon what form Sullivan's followers are offering odds, they will defeat Kilrain, public the sporting element, especially those who are neutral and merely speculate and back their opinions with Uncle Sam's treasury notes simply, as George Dalton, the well-known sporting man, says: "To have a bet or to be interested."

Public performance is the only line to judge race horses, pugilists, runners, etc., by. Upon this crucial test, which is the proper one, Kilrain should be the favorite, and he should, with a fair field and no favor, win the championship, the \$20,000 stakes and retain the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the title of champion of the world, which he now holds.

The reason Kilrain should be the favorite is because the battle is not going to be fought according to Queensberry rules, and that there will be no limit to the number of rounds to be fought, and the knowing ones are well aware that there is as much difference between London prize ring rules and Queensberry rules as there is between day and night.

A first-class gloveman or a Queensberry rule fighter may be a rank pugilist when contending by London prize ring rules, and vice versa. Neither Sullivan nor Kilrain have had experience in battling according to the rules which are to govern the coming great encounter. Sullivan, it is true, first won the title of champion by defeating Paddy Ryan, who gained his title by winning the championship from Joe Goos, who at the time he fought Ryan had lost all his prize money as a first-class heavy-weight. Sullivan, at the time he ascended to his throne, was evidently the best man, in a pugilistic way, then flourishing.

That was over seven years ago, and there has been many changes in that time. Sullivan's battle with Paddy Ryan seven years ago cannot be taken as a line of the Boston pugilist's form, simply because he never fought any one in this country according to London prize ring rules afterwards, and all of his encounters have been with gloves, many of which bouts he won, while there are several in which he was not successful.

On the other hand, Kilrain has only fought once according to London prize ring rules, and that was with Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion belt. It was his first essay, for he entered the list a comparative novice against an experienced, well tried, successful champion, the best man that England, the cradle of pugilism, could find to send forth to do battle in the roped arena against the champion of America.

It was a battle in which it was supposed that the Stars and Stripes would be trailed in the dust and America's champion conquered. Kilrain turned out one of the best, if not the very best, pugilist who ever stood in the ring, and had he not desired to "run a waiting race" and take his time, to be sure of "killing his bird," Kilrain, in his battle with Smith, proved that he was a wonder, and surprised everybody who witnessed the contest. So that, taking as a line Sullivan's battle with Charley Mitchell, March 10, 1888, and Kilrain's battle with Smith, Dec. 19, 1887, Kilrain should be a 2 to 1 favorite; for, as a pugilist according to London rules, Kilrain was a big success, while Sullivan was a failure.

The only trouble in the Kilrain and Sullivan match is that the stakes are too large. If the match had been arranged for \$2,500, or even \$5,000 a side, there would be more prospects of the match being decided in a satisfactory way, like other previous encounters in the prize ring for the championship, and there would be no trouble over the selection of a referee.

Twenty thousand dollars—the amount of the stakes that Sullivan and Kilrain are to battle for—is a larger sum than any two pugilists ever contended for. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan in 1880 fought in this country for \$10,000, and Tom King and John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, fought for \$10,000 in England in 1868, and these are the only matches in which the stakes have exceeded \$5,000.

Suppose Sullivan and Kilrain do decide the mooted question of the prize ring championship of the world in a 24-foot ring within 200 miles of the Crescent City on July 8, which place and date is stated in the articles of agreement these gladiators signed on Jan. 7, 1889, and Sullivan wins, Kilrain's backer will, without a doubt stand by the fiat of the referee, and would not under any circumstances attempt to recover the stakes after the stakeholder had paid them on the referee's written decision, although he could do so.

On the other hand, suppose Kilrain is hailed the victor by Sullivan infringing the London prize ring rules or by Kilrain proving himself the champion, will Sullivan and the syndicate who are backing him stand by the decision of the referee and allow the stakeholder to pay over the stakes to Kilrain? This is an open question that only time and future events can decide.

It is the opinion of many that Sullivan has no idea of meeting Kilrain in fair and honorable battle, but that he is building upon his share of excursion money, which will reach nearly \$20,000 should the men meet. At the Myers and Mc

Anniff fight at North Judson, Ind., the excursion at \$20 a ticket, reached \$7,000, but Myers and McAnniff are only stars in a lower range of planets compared with the name and importance of Kilrain and Sullivan, and if their excursion money amounted to \$7,000, then Kilrain's and Sullivan's excursion will exceed four times that sum.

If the backers of Kilrain and Sullivan should agree upon a referee, it will only be another chapter added to the pugilistic book, and the last chapter will still be wanting to complete it. The appointment of a final stakeholder is a large barrier that always stands in the way in any important pugilistic encounter, but it is not half as difficult to remove as the selection of a referee.

According to the articles signed at Toronto on January 7 the referee is to be appointed at the ring side, or at least the rival pugilists have to mutually agree upon one. At the time the articles were drafted Kilrain's representative agreed to have that official appointed then or at the posting of the final deposit, but Sullivan objected and refused to have a referee before entering the ring.

There is one thing about the proposed championship fight and the referee's question, and that is if the sporting public of America's journey to New Orleans or to the place selected for Sullivan and Kilrain to do battle on July 8, and they pay fabulous sums for excursion tickets, and it is intimated they will pay \$25 each, they will insist on the pugilists fighting.

Sporting men are not going to believe thousands of miles to witness what they are led to believe to be a batty and pay their money only to witness a farce, like the one that occurred between Joe Coburn and Mike McCool in 1863, at Cold Spring, Ind., when trains ran from Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati and carried nearly 3,000 spectators at \$10 each, beside their regular fare.

In Louisiana the law against prize fighting is defective, and there is no danger of any police interference, and if Sullivan and Kilrain desire to enter the ring and carry out the conditions of the match and raise no disputes about referee, etc., there is not the least doubt but what they will be able to settle the question as to supremacy and as to who is the best man in a fist way. But if they refuse, the sporting men who will be present will insist on the men fighting, even if they had to select two referees.

At the time Paddy Ryan was matched by the "Police Gazette" against John L. Sullivan for \$5,000, an outside bet of \$1,000 and the championship of America Paddy Ryan tried to make the affair a farce. He wanted his trainer to shoot him through the hand on the eve of the day set for fighting, and on the day when the men were to meet in the ring Ryan said he was sick and did not want to fight. But New Orleans sporting men who had backed him with thousands threatened summary measures if he did not fight, and finally when he agreed to enter the ring he shook like an aspen leaf. The sporting men of the South will patronize a prize ring encounter, but they will not be duped.

Greek George, I see, is after Antoine Pierre's scalp. He says: "Pierre, alias Capt. Delmas, alias John Nichols, alias John Leon, whose right name is Nicholas Macgregore, and who changes his name as often as anybody floors him, which is pretty often, it is worth no good man's time to bother with him. He can't wrestle anybody. I will leave my challenge open and my money up for two weeks. Pierre is a Greek fisherman, never known at home as a wrestler. I found him stranded and broke in San Francisco four years ago, and made him a wrestler in reputation by supplying marks for him to down. He has no backing but I will put up \$55 here with to produce an unknown to down him any style he wants to wrestle, in private, for \$25 to \$100 a side, which is as much money as he will ever find for a level match. I will not wrestle him myself, for he is my pupil. I will produce another pupil to ease for him."

Johnny Banks, the colored middle-weight pugilist, has renounced pugilism for good and joined the church; at least so he declared one evening recently from the platform in the Florence mansion on Bloeker street. Who is the next?

One of the most important turf events of the approaching season in the United States will no doubt be the opening of the New York Jockey Club's new race course at West Chester. Its appointment will be unsurpassed by any other race course in the world.

The performance of W. Pollock Hill in running 1,000 yards in 3 minutes 14.5 seconds, at the Oxford University sports, thus beating the best previous performance of an Englishman—W. O. George's 2 minutes 16 seconds—was a wonderful performance. L. E. Myers, M. A. C., holds the English and American record at that distance.

Now for a turn in the tide. Pittsburg Phil has purchased some thoroughbreds and intends owning a racing stable. He will now and then three-day luck at betting on other men's horses is more profitable than on his own.

The prosperity of Australian racing interests may be judged from the proposal, which was before the Australian Jockey Club when the last mail left to increase the salary of the secretary to \$25,000 a year.

A correspondent of the "Police Gazette" writes from St. Paul that Billy Wilson, the well-known colored heavy-weight, who has won all the fights he ever had with colored men, and who held the American colored heavy-weight championship previous to its going to Godfrey, has put up a \$500 forfeit for a mill with Peter Jackson. Wilson announces that he is willing to go to San Francisco and fight in the club rooms of the Athletic Club, an invitation from which he has recently received. He wants the match to be for stakes of \$500 to \$250 a side and the gate receipts, all the money to go to the winner.

Speaking of Jackson's fight with Cardiff, Wills n said: "Every man who has so far met the tall Australian has been afraid of his long arms, and they have all kept away from him. They have fought wrong. Jackson should be rushed from the call of time. If I fight him I shall run a harricane of blows on his ribs, and I am confident I can whip him in 15 rounds. At any rate, I am ready to stake every penny I have on the result."

Jackson no doubt will pick up the gauntlet, and will add another victory to the three he has already gained since his arrival here from Australia.

I clipped the following from the "Referee," Australia: "There is one thing we will never turn out, however, and that is a man who will hang on to a hopeless pursuit like Ned Hanlan. He has lost two and won two races when he before, and the winnings of his victories must have been more than swallowed up in the losses of his defeats. At least you'd think so. Then on this trip he has lost three and won one race, and surely the balance must be on the wrong side of the ledger this time. At least you'd think so, as we said before. But when a man only puts \$150 in a \$500 stake, the balance being found by long-suffering friends, and he takes from two to three hundred, or even more, as his share of the steamer money, it don't p'rhaps seem so wonderful. However, when training expenses, boats and incidentals are taken out of that, there would not be much of a margin left for profit; and yet Hanlan told Americans he had made large sums, variously stated, according to the amount of wine the Canadian or reporters had had, as from \$2,000 to \$3,000 on his first trip, and he seems to be content to hang on still and lengthen out this one. No, we are not likely to have a Hanlan among our boys for many a long year. When our coxes can't win they have to go to work, unless they have laid by out of their winnings."

On May 10, in this city, the games of the Twelfth Regiment were a grand success. J. H. Bell won the three-mile go-as-you-please race in 23 minutes 47.5 seconds. The one-mile bicycle race was won by J. W. Judge in 3 minutes 24.5 seconds. The two-mile bicycle race was won by Frank Roland of Brooklyn, in 6 minutes 23.5 seconds. The 400-yard race was won by L. Hjertberg.

No saloon, barber shop or club room should be without a copy to frame of that Elegant Colored Supplement that will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 615, out June 6th.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

### SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

A. S. Philadelphia.—Yes.  
M. J. & J. H. Boston.—No.  
S. J. Washington, D. C.—No.  
D. W. C. Hartford, Conn.—No.  
W. E. H. Oakland, N. Y.—Yes.  
A. W. P. Ashland, Wis.—A wins.  
F. E. B. Ogden, Utah.—March 10, 1888.  
L. B. H. Woodfield, Q.—A trotting horse.  
A. W. C. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sixes are high.  
A. B. S. Sulland, Md.—Thanks for photo.  
G. M. Paris, Mo.—They were to be 6 rounds.  
J. W. H. Yazoo City, Miss.—1. Yes. 2. Tag Wilson.  
C. W. N. J. Hermans, Mexico.—Five feet 10; inches.  
L. Cigar Parlor, Rochester, N. Y.—Yes, after the draw.  
L. S. A. Fall River, Mass.—We never published the matter.  
J. L. F. Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not keep a weather almanac.  
W. R. S. Buffalo, N. Y.—Lobelia never won the Waterloo Cup.

M. W. C. Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Jack McAnniff holds the belt.  
2. No.

T. M. Parkersburg, Va.—1. No. 2. A wins. 3. Jake Kilrain's.

W. H. B. White Haven, Pa.—1. The party claiming out first.  
2. Yes.

J. M. New York City.—We can supply gaffs of any kind, \$10 per set.

M. W. Paterson, N. J.—Mike Cusling's fighting weight is 125 pounds.

M. M. E. Catavia, Ill.—Send for "The Police Gazette" Poker Player.

Q. Washington, D. C.—Thanks; send a photo, cannot use drawing.

W. H. W. — Yes; at Cincinnati, and Sullivan was declared the winner.

M. W. C. New York City.—1. You cannot build out of your hand. 2. No.

M. W. S. Dover, N. H.—1. A loses. 2. At the Fashion race course, L. I., 1888.

SEVERAL OF US, Sibley, Ia.—B has last say, as he put up the blind, and B wins.

E. W. B. Sayre, Pa.—He was born in Brooklyn, E. D. He is about 40 years of age.

W. J. Forest, Pa.—1. No. 2. Kilrain and Sullivan have boxed twice in a friendly way.

M. W. C. Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Thirty seconds' rest is allowed between the rounds. 2. No.

R. R. M. Worcester, Mass.—Apply to the American News Co. We do not know of such a book.

C. S. & S. Buffalo, N. Y.—You will have to write to Sporting Life, London, to decide the matter.

M. E. S. Princeton, N. J.—Send your full name and address and we will write you on the subject.

T. M. J. Brooklyn, N. Y.—A wins. George Siddons, the pugilist, who fought Arthur Chambers, is dead.

F. F. E. Wayne, Neb.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. If A throws five sizes in poker dice, and B throws the same hand.

J. J. McD. New York City.—W wins if the stakeholder was responsible for W's money being forthcoming if J won.

J. B. New Utrecht, L. I.—Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" to this office.

T. L. Harmony, Clay Co., Md.—It is impossible, as men run off various marks, and it would take a page of the POLICE GAZETTE to explain.

A. Y. O. Jansboro, Ill.—The party you write about can beat the record if he can accomplish the feat you claim. Send on his photo and sketch.

E. G. J. Lawrenceville, N. J.—1. Certainly it does. 2. The "Police Gazette" book on poker playing will be mailed you on receipt of 25 cents.

NO NAME, Worcester, Mass.—1. John L. Sullivan was born October 16, 1868. 2. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 165 pounds trained.

J. E. Williamsville, N. Y.—Dr. W. Dale is not an Indian. He was born in Louisville, Ky., and his portrait appeared in this paper April 4, 1888. B wins.

H. J. H. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The prize fight between Billy Edwards and Tim Collins was fought at East New York, and darkness put an end to the struggle.

W. H. B. White Haven, Pa.—1. Send 25 cents for a book on cards. 2. The party having cards and points can claim out. 3. Yes; it counts a sweep if it is so understood.

M. & F. Barstow, Salem Co., N. J.—1. Why don't you read the POLICE GAZETTE? It contained a report of Jackson's defeating Cardiff. 2. Near New Orleans. 3. You will win.

T. S. Fourth Ward, New York City.—Jim Kerrigan and Morris Pagan fought in Pike county, Pa., Jan. 16, 1866. Kerrigan won in eighteen rounds, lasting 35 minutes. The stakes were \$1,000.

BOXER, Brooklyn.—There have been over fifty pugilists who fought in the prize ring and rejoiced in the name of Jones. If you send the name of the particular Jones we will reply to your query.

J. & W. New Brunswick.—1. He is 30 years of age. Louis Cyr is a strong man, whose forte is lifting heavy weights. He resides at Montreal, Canada. 2. Write to John Lambert, care of this office; he knows all about the party.

M. S. 609 Broadway, New York City.—John L. Sullivan did box four rounds with Prof. Ladin in Madison Square Garden; and was declared the winner. The gate money was divided between the men and their many managers, etc.

M. D. New York City.—Paddy Ryan only fought two battles according to London prize ring rules. John L. Sullivan only fought twice by London prize ring rules. Jake Kilrain only fought once according to London prize ring rules. John C. Heenan never won a prize fight.

W. J. Fordham, N. Y.—Robert the Devil died at Reading, England, May 1. The famous race horse was beaten in the Derby by Bend Or in 1880, and during the same year he beat Bend Or in the St. Leger. Bend Or and Robert the Devil met five times, and Robert the Devil was successful on three occasions.

D. W. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Kilrain stands 5 feet 10; inches high and weighs 230 pounds. His chest measurement is 41 inches, upon and around the biceps 16 inches, forearm 14 inches, waist 34 inches, thigh 25 inches, calf of leg 16; inches. He wears a No. 9 shoe and a No. 9 glove, and it takes a 17 inch collar to encircle his neck.

M. J. S. Philadelphia.—Richard K. Fox, with 115 pounds up, beat Young Duke, Aura, etc. 5 furlongs, in 1:02, May 3, 1889. Richard K. Fox, with 120 pounds up, beat Melodrama, Hot Scotch, Frolic, etc., 6; furlongs, in 1:26, at Guttenburg, May 4, 1889. Richard K. Fox, with 120 pounds up, ran 6; furlongs, at Guttenburg, N. J., May 7, 1889, winning by ten lengths, in 1:24.

T. C. Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Jack Jones was the pugilist who was killed in the prize ring by Mike Madden. The battle was fought at Long Reach on Dec. 11, 1855. Twenty three rounds were fought in 1 hour 5 minutes, when Jones died from the effects of the terrible punishment he had received. 2. Madden was tried for manslaughter at Maldstone, Eng., March 14, 1856, and acquitted.

J. R. Eastern Yacht Club, Boston.—According to the Lloyd's Register, the official dimensions, etc., of the Genesta, Galatea Thistle and the much boasted of Yarkie are as follows:

	Tonnage.	Length.	Breadth.	Beam.	Depth.
Genesta.....	80	74	8.5	13.6	11.9
Galatea.....	90	86.93	9.5	15	12.3
Thistle.....	101.67	110	9.8	20.3	14.1
Yarkie.....	94	124	8.5	16	11.6

T. C. Newark, N. J.—According to the new rules of the London prize ring, pugilists must have colors. The following will explain: Rule 2.—Each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and the seconds shall entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes; that these handkerchiefs shall be called the colors, and the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

PUGILISTIC ADMIRER, Bowser House.—Bob Travers, the famous colored pugilist, was not a heavy-weight, although he fought heavy-weights. Travers' fighting weight was 8 stone 9 pounds, or 125 pounds. He was one of the best colored pugilists, without exception, who ever fought in the ring. He beat Malvern, George Baker, and fought a draw with the latter; beat Joe Hutton, George Crockett, Cleghorn, Bill Hayes, \$1,000, 75 rounds, 3 hours 4 minutes; beat Mike Madden, \$200, in 45 rounds, lasting 1 hour 27 minutes; beat Dan Crutcheley, Ros Tyler, and was beaten by Job Colley, Bob Brettie, Jem Mace, Patsy Gardin and Jem Dillon, and received forfeit from Dillon; and Mickey Gannon. In our opinion, as a pugilist he was Peter Jackson's superior, for Jackson has not met such a class of pugilists as Mike Madden, Bill Hayes, Dan Crutcheley, Bob Brettie, Patsy Reardon and Jem Mace, and Travers' battles were fought by London prize ring rules, not with gloves and a long rest between each round.

## SPECIAL SPORTING NOTES.

Jim Hogan put Mike Smith to sleep in four rounds, May 10, on Long Island.

Joe Ellingsworth left for San Francisco, to meet Jack Dempsey, on May 10.

Frank Moore knocked out Arthur Sault in a glove fight at Elizabeth, N. J., on May 11, in two rounds.

Jack Havlin and Johnny Griffin are to fight for a \$500 trophy before the Bay State Athletic Club at Boston.

The Kempton Park Royal Stakes, value \$50,000, one mile and a quarter, was run at Kempton Park, England, on May 11, Ayrshire, carrying 141 pounds, winning with Sea Breeze second and Melanion third. There were seven starters.

A speil-j from Saranton, Pa., May 10, says: "A battle between Louis Jester of Wilkes-barre and Harry Umah of New York, for \$500 a side and a purse of \$500 took place at Falls, Wyoming county. It was won in the tenth round by Jester on a foul."

In regard to the holder of the belt which represents the championship of the world, in answer to a correspondent the New York Sun, May 10, says: "Sullivan has one and so has Kilrain. Sullivan's is the one presented by friends, Kilrain's is the 'Police Gazette' emblem of the championship."

Matsuda Kogaree Sorakiohi, the "Police Gazette" champion wrestler, has met with a big repulse since his arrival on the Pacific Slope. The Jap is a gentlemanly athlete, an expert wrestler and always in good humor when he is not compared to a Chinaman, a race he detests. The Jap, we understand, is going to wrestle Joe Acton, and if they do meet in the arena circle it will be Greek meet Greek.

A special from San Francisco, May 11, says: "The gate money of the six-day walking match now in progress at Mechanics' Pavilion, amounting to \$300, was seized by the sheriff on a writ of attachment issued in the suit brought by Theisen, of Suffolk, Mo., against Manager Frank Hall, who formerly conducted pedestrian contests in New York. The original judgment was obtained in 1885, and was for \$1,134."

Amateur club men, merchants and clerks, as well as professionals who indulge in boxing as a pastime and in a professional way, should not fail to secure a set of the new improved patent "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves.—Prof. Mike Donovan, boxing teacher of the New York Athletic Club, and Billy Edwards, both excellent judges, pronounce them the best gloves now in use. They can be purchased at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

The following was received by Peter Jackson and explains itself:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 6, 1889.  
PETER JACKSON—Sir: I am only a common New Mexico ranger, and I will make you a banner to fight you in a ring of 30 feet, for \$5,000, in one hundred and twenty days. I won't fight you for the championship, but for the \$5,000. You can name the place, so it is in America. If you think this is all talk, try me, and the money will be placed in the First National Bank of Albuquerque. I weigh 210 pounds, stand nearly 6 feet, and hold the championship of New Mexico. HENRY SMITH.

The following special dispatch in reference to the Sullivan and Kilrain prize fight for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and championship of the world, was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office May 16:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 16.  
SPORTING EDITOR—We will offer better inducements to have Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan fight for the \$20,000, and the champion belt at this place than any other city. We will furnish Kilrain and Sullivan training quarters, and give each principal \$4,000 and a percentage of receipts over that amount, if they will mutually agree to fight here, and will also guarantee both pugilists full protection from any interference.

W. B. McINDOCK,  
Manager of Grand Island Park.

On May 16 Billy Meyer, of Streator, Ill., better known as the Western Cyclone, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, accompanied by W. A. Brady, and left the following proclamation:

NEW YORK, May 16, 1889.  
SPORTING EDITOR—Being eager to win the title of light-weight champion of America, and meet in the arena one of the many light-weights who claim they hold the title, I hereby challenge any light-weight pugilist in the world to meet me and battle according to any rules, at 133 pounds, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the light-weight championship of America. To prove that I mean business, I have posted \$500 forfeit. Any pugilist who is eager to arrange a match can at once cover my money and notify me when and where to meet him or his backer to arrange a match.

Yours,  
BILLY MEYER, of Streator, Ill.

"Crescent," the "Police Gazette" correspondent at New Orleans, writes as follows from New Orleans, La., under date of May 8, 1889:

SPORTING EDITOR—Denny Butler, the celebrated middle-weight and champion swimmer of the world, has taken Andy Bowen in charge and will proceed to put him in shape for his coming contest, and if the bantam pays strict attention to Denny's method of training and puts into execution what he learns, then there will be just reasons for sympathizing with his opponent. Butler is doing well at the Crescent City. The Southern sporting men admire athletes of Butler's stripe, who can accomplish what they claim, and the result is, Butler has caught on.

In regard to Jack Dempsey saying that if Charley Mitchell comes here to second Kilrain there will be trouble, it is all nonsense in the broadest definition of the word. Mitchell or anybody else can come here and second Kilrain with as much safety as he could in any other city in the States and without the slightest fear of molestation of any sort. The sporting people here are fair minded and impartial, and will countenance no unfairness whatever. The best man will be allowed to win in every instance. When John L. Sullivan fought Paddy Ryan, the latter was the favorite with the entire sporting populace, and they backed their opinions heavily with their money, and still when Sullivan started in to sweep Ryan he was allowed to do so without any interference that could be given, as to the honest best possible assurance that could be given, for sporting men will stand no humbugging, and if Kilrain is able to win he will be protected.

An Elegant Colored Supplement will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 615 out June 6th, Kilrain and Sullivan, as they will appear in the ring.





HITCHED HERSELF TO A COW.

A LITTLE NEW KNOXVILLE, OHIO, GIRL DRAGGED TO HER DEATH BY AN INFURIATED BOVINE SHE WAS ATTENDING.



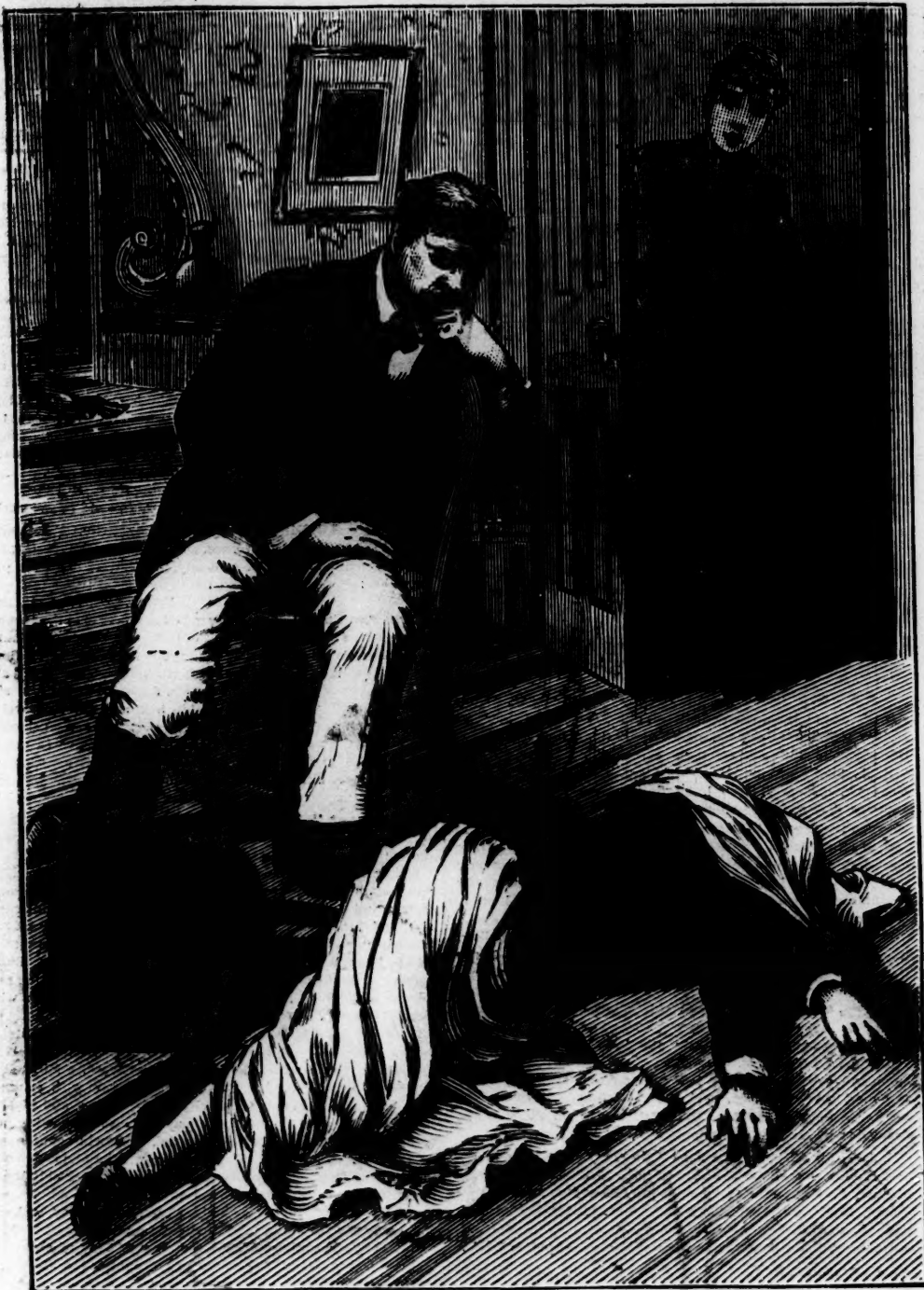
KILLED HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

A WELL-KNOWN MEMPHIS, TENN., CITIZEN BECOMES DERANGED AND WINDS UP HIS FAMILY AFFAIRS IN A BRUTAL MANNER.



WHO KILLED MRS. CARRIE FARREL?

A PRETTY SIBLEY, IA., YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN IS FOUND DEAD BY THE ROADSIDE UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.



BEHEADED HIS WIFE.

THE HORRIBLE CRIME OF AN ENGLISH MILL OPERATIVE AT COHOES, N. Y., WHO HACKED HIS WIFE'S HEAD FROM HER BODY.



ANOTHER MAN GONE WRONG.

BROKER ADAMS, WHO HAS BEEN MISSING FROM BOSTON, RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL AND BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

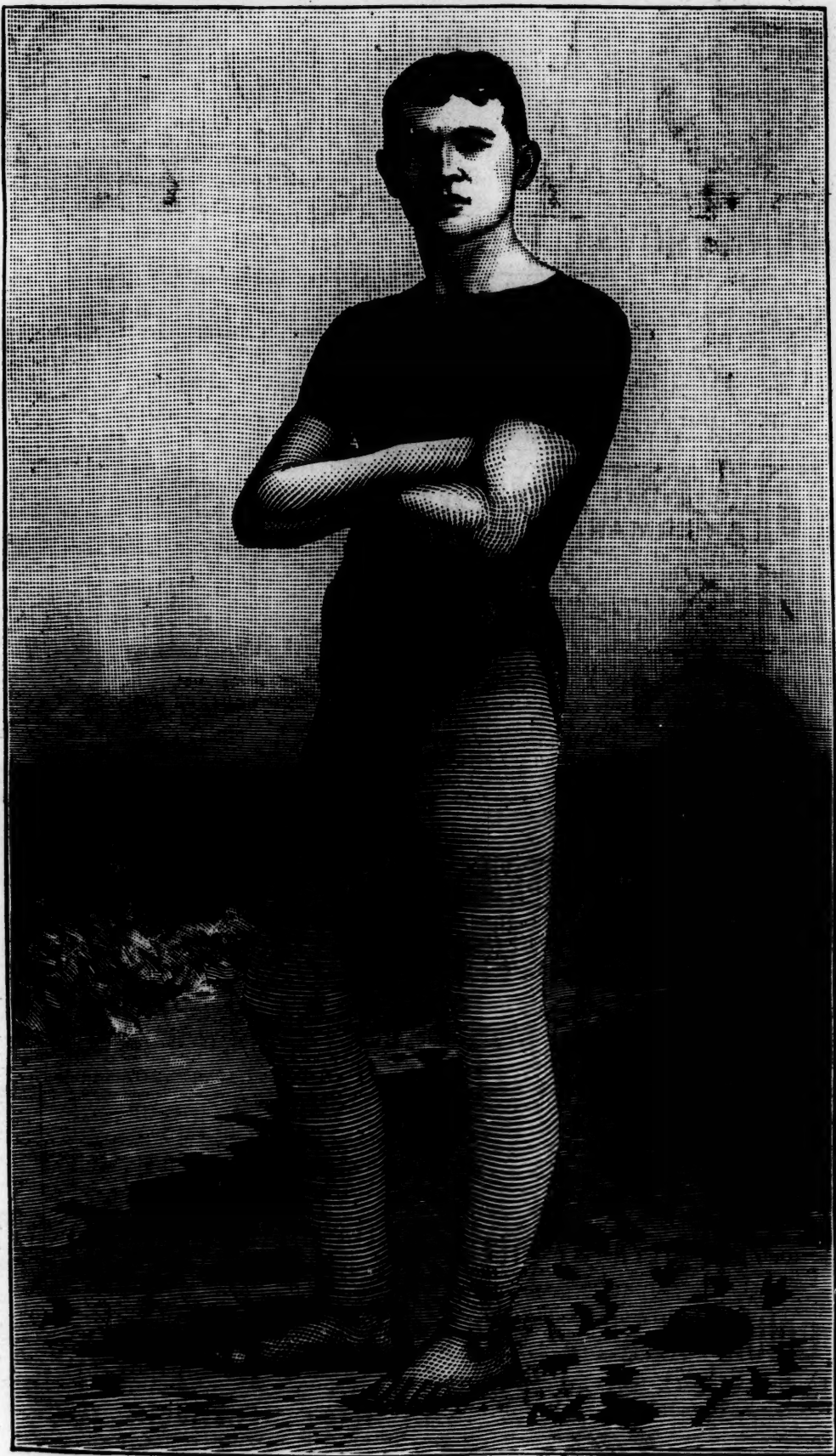




A PRETTY CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT.  
MISS NELLIE FRANZELL, OF BERLIN, THE FAMOUS "SHOOTING STAR."



A WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE.  
EUGENE GIANNINI OF THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S EIGHT-OARED CREW.



STEVE BRODIE,  
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION, MAKES THE MOST DARING SKIP OF HIS LIFE  
AT PASSAIC FALLS, NEW JERSEY.



GEORGE COSTAKY,  
BETTER KNOWN AS GREEK GEORGE THE CHAMPION GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLER.



## JAMES KILEY,

The Famous Western Jockey, who also Owns Thoroughbreds.



James Kiley, the famous Western jockey who rode the Montana three-year-old, Spokane, in the Kentucky Derby, and since won the rich Clark Stakes at Louisville, Ky., is not only a famous and expert horseman, but he owns several thoroughbreds, and he is very popular among turfmen and owners of thoroughbreds.

## MARRIED IN THE GLOAMING.

A young couple was married in the road in Harwinton, Litchfield county, Conn., on Monday of last week, under circumstances which show the genius of people on marriage bent. Fred Chamberlain, the groom, is a handsome Yankee farmer, 25 years of age. He arranged to marry Miss Nellie Hungerford, a neighbor. The Harwintonites go to church in Terryville, where the Rev. W. F. Ames preaches. Chamberlain got his marriage license in Harwinton and went to the minister with his affianced, when he was informed that the license was good for Harwinton, but not for Terryville. The unhappy couple were in a quandary at this, but they finally adopted the suggestion of the clergyman that he get into the back with them and drive into Harwinton and there tie the knot. The driver, John Abbot, out of sympathy for the couple, whipped up his horses and soon crossed the town line, and there, in the middle of the sandy road, with uncovered heads, the marriage ceremony was quickly performed.

## SHOT IN A SCHOOLROOM.

The scholars of Jefferson Public School at Washington were startled by two sharp reports in quick succession last Friday afternoon. An investigation showed that Oswald C. Allen had shot and killed his wife, who was a teacher in the school, and then sent a bullet into his own brain. Allen, who was not living with his wife, hired a cab early in the day, and, after visiting a saloon, told the driver he wanted to go to the Jefferson public school. Arriving there he bade the driver wait for him, and drawing a 32-calibre buldog revolver immediately went to the room where his wife was teaching. The children were the first to see him, and he called on them not to make any noise or he would shoot them. Then he committed the murderous deed, falling dead with his arm around his wife's neck. The fright of the children in Mrs. Allen's room caused a panic through the school.

## TOO AWFULLY AWFUL FOR ANYTHING.

Seven young girls, named Lizzie Martell, Martha Ryan, Jennie Suddell, Anna Clarkson, Minnie Dolan, Doris Weston and Edna Dummell, started for a walk recently in the Orange mountains, N. J. Six of them took their bathing suits along and went into Rock Hole to have a dip, leaving the other girl to guard the clothing. They said it was so grand that at last the other girl decided to take a swim and leave the clothes on guard. As she had no suit, she was dressed only in her own loveliness. When they had enough and had come out of the water, they discovered that some bad person had stolen their clothes. Of course this put them in a terrible fix, and compelled them to tramp through the woods to Bradley's farm. At the edge of the wood they met Miss Bradley, who soon put them in shape again, and Mr. Bradley drove the party home.

## THE VERSATILE GUS HILL.

Elsewhere in this issue is presented a picture of Gus Hill, the "Police Gazette" champion club swinger and proprietor of the "World of Novelties and Greatest All-Feature Show." With his show Mr. Hill is now on his way to San Francisco, and opens there on May 20 for four weeks, and on June 24 he will show up in Portland, Oregon. Gus reports business excellent, as he justly deserves.

## THEY SAW SNAKES.

While two girls, of Webster Ill., were picking blossoms in the woods they were attacked by two large rattlesnakes. Instead of fainting, they got two clubs and after a hard fight killed both the snakes. When the facts were known they were congratulated by their friends and were made the heroines of that part of the county.

## A PROMINENT BOSTON BONIFACE.

J. W. Pitcher, whose picture appears in this number of the POLICE GAZETTE, is owner of one of the finest saloons in Boston. He is well known throughout the city as a good fellow and has innumerable friends. He was born in Maine, and is now 60 years old, but looks younger by a dozen years. Dan Maguire and he were life-long friends, both having worked in the East Bos-

ton Iron and Gas Company's works together. He has been chief barkeeper for the best houses in the city, among them being the Tremont House, Revere House and the Adams. By hard work he has at last become a man of means, and says that he is willing to contribute as large an amount of money as any man for a monument to Dan Maguire's memory, and to let the POLICE GAZETTE become the custodian of the subscription.

## MUSICAL MAX MARETZKE.

Max Maretzek, one of the pioneers of operatic and concert music in America, was born in Hungary, and came to the United States over forty years ago. He was the man who first conducted in New York such operas as "Prophet," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Traviata," "Mignon," and as a manager first introduced to the public such great singers as Sontag, Patti, Alboni, Nilsson, Lagrange, Lucca, Hauck and Irma di Murska. Mr. Maretzek is a genial and popular gentleman, and his friends will admire his portrait in our columns this week.

## A NOTABLE IRISHMAN.

John H. Burke, the president of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, elected on March 17th last, was born of Irish parentage in Chelsea, Mass., some twenty-eight years ago. He is a step-brother of Gen. P. A. Collins, ex-member of Congress from the Fourth District of Massachusetts, and is now a partner of the Hon. A. Collins. He is a young man of grit, ambition, and will, ere long, make his mark, not alone in all matters which appertain to the Irish cause, but, like his half brother, his voice will be heard in the halls of Congress should he choose to champion the Democratic party of the Bay State.

## BEHEADED HIS WIFE.

An English mill operative named Samuel Dunn, who lives at Cohoes, N. Y., had a quarrel with his wife recently, during which he beheaded her with a large jack-knife, and not being satisfied with this, the brute stabbed her in the breast, snapping the blade off in the wound. He then went out, visited a saloon near by and got a glass of beer, giving no explanation of his gory appearance, after which he returned to the house and was taken charge of by his neighbors, who held him until an officer came and arrested him.

## WHO KILLED MRS. CARRIE FARREL?

At 7 o'clock one fine morning recently Mrs. Carrie Farrel, of Sibley, Ia., left her home, mounted on a horse, and paid a visit to her parents. After spending the day, she started back, having a basket of eggs on her left arm, and this was the last seen of her alive. The next morning her horse returned home riderless, and her husband at once had a search instituted for her, and she was found dead, lying face downward, in a pool of water. She is supposed to have been murdered.

## TRIED TO CROWD THE LILY OUT.

The Jersey Lily had a narrow escape from being run over recently while on her way from the train to the hotel, at Lewiston, Me. A fast horse, which was driven by an Auburn attorney, ran upon her suddenly, but luckily was stopped before any one was hurt. When Mrs. Langtry looked up and beheld the horse rearing on his hind legs above her head she became deadly pale, and, letting forth an unearthly shriek, threw her arms around the neck of Freddie, who was with her, and would have fallen but for his assistance.

## HELD UP A FUNERAL.

While a funeral procession, with the body of Patrick Dooley, who was murdered, was passing through a canyon in New Chicago, Montana, recently, it was stopped by several men, said to be relatives of the murderer. They presented Winchester rifles and threatened to kill the first one who attempted to pass through the canyon. After blocking the road and obtaining promise that the murderer would not be prosecuted, they galloped away.

## HITCHED HERSELF TO A COW.

A little girl named Mary Marcus, who lived at New Knoxville, Ohio, was leading a cow along the road recently, and very foolishly tied the rope around her waist while the cow stopped to graze. The animal took fright at some object and started on a run down the road, dragging the child after her. When the cow was caught the little one's body was a terrible sight to behold, and she died a few moments later.

## ANOTHER MAN GONE WRONG.

John C. Adams, the broker, who had been missing from Boston since April 21, walked into the Revere House shortly before midnight recently, and going to the public parlor, which was occupied by two other gentlemen, took a revolver from his pocket and deliberately sent a bullet crashing through his brain. Business and domestic trouble is said to have been the cause of the rash act.

## A PRETTY CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT.

Among the many famous female shooting stars with rifle and shotgun, none is better known in Europe than Nellie Franzell, of Berlin. She has won numerous contests and accomplished wonderful feats, but she cannot be classed at shooting with her rival, Annie Oakley, the female champion, who flies the POLICE GAZETTE colors.

## PROPRIETOR OF THE PELICAN CLUB.

On another page will be found an excellent portrait of Ernest Wells, the proprietor of the Pelican Club, London, a noted rendezvous for club and sporting men.

## THE FAMOUS BRIDGE JUMPER.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Steve Brodie, the "Police Gazette" champion aerial jumper, who has gained great fame and renown by his wonderful feats on land and water. Brodie now keeps a sporting house

at 114 Bowery, New York, which is a prominent resort for sports. Brodie has accomplished the feat of jumping from the highest bridges in the world, and has made his mark as a pedestrian, trainer and swimmer. He intends jumping off Niagara Falls suspension bridge when any one will wager \$1,000 that he cannot accomplish the feat.

Since the above was written Steve made the most daring jump of his life. He jumped, on Monday morning last, from Point's Rock, a ledge on the edge of Passaic Falls, into the river, 105 feet, into a seething, rock-bound whirlpool. The only wonder is that he came out alive. He did, however, and showed up at the POLICE GAZETTE office the same afternoon.

## CURE FOR THE DRAPE.

Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cuffs. PERFECTLY CURE DEAFNESS and noises in head. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. Whispers heard. Success when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. H. BROWN, 233 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Illustrated book FREE.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Orders for No. 612, POLICE GAZETTE, must be in by Saturday, May 25, A. M., in consequence of Decoration Day.

## Kilrain vs. Sullivan.

The next great issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be 612, published Thursday, June 8th. A magnificently colored double-page Supplement will be presented with this issue. Subject: KILRAIN and SULLIVAN, as they will appear in the ring on July 8th.

Advertisers will further their own interests by being represented in this issue.

Copy must be in by Monday noon, June 3.

Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Square, New York City.

## PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES AND COPALBA is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.  
Original and only genuine reliable pill for sale. Never fails. Ask for Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills, in red metallic boxes, sealed with diamond brand. At all druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pill wrappers, are a dangerous and unreliable. Send for particulars and "Refined for Ladies" in letter, by return mail, 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison St., Phila., Pa.

**BROU'S INJECTION**  
A PERMANENT CURE of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhea and Gleet, guaranteed in from 3 to 6 days; no other treatment required, and without the disagreeable results of dosing with Cubes, Copalba and other nauseating remedies. Sold by all druggists. J. F. Brou, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhea and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill. PRICE, \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

**SANTAL-MIDY**  
Cures Gleet, Gonorrhea and Urinary affections in 48 hours. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2081, New York. Post Free \$1.00.

**DRUNKENNESS** IS A DISEASE, and can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for free circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 155 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

**WEAK MEN** suffering from Lost Manhood, Youthful Errors, Spermatorrhea, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, and all Private Diseases, should read my 64p. Book and learn how to cure themselves quietly at home. 30 years experience. Book Free. Dr. D. H. Lowe, Winsted, Conn.

**LADIES' (Only Reliable) TANSY PILLS.**  
Safe, prompt, efficient. The original and only genuine Women's Tansy Pills. Prepared with pure ingredients, sealed, 25c. per box, by mail, \$1.00. Warranted satisfactory. DR. E. F. CATON, Box 235, Boston, Mass.

**OPIUM** Morphine and Whisky Habits patiently cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address W. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 8, Lafayette, Ind.

**Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Doan's Santalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations: buy Doan's, it is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75c. All druggists.**

## PERSONAL.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

## NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS

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Dooney Harris, Jim Fell, Jake Hyams, Billy Myers, Hattie Stewart, Jack Ashton, Ben Mace, Bob Brette, Peter Jackson, Billy Deacy, Jerry Murphy, Geo. Brown, Dick Hillywood, Abe Hickox, Jack Pike, Charles Korth, Joe Penitengast, John J. Scholes, Tom King, Tom Fawcett, Sparrow Golden, Tommy Danforth, Frank White, Joe Williams, Jack McAniff, Joe Lammie, Young Mitchell.

## ACTRESSES.

Mary Anderson, Margaret Mather, Mrs. J. B. Potter, Fanny Davenport, Lydia Thompson, Maggie Cline, Sadie Hartman, Sara Bernhardt, Adeline Patti, Lillian Russell, Madame Gerster, Geraldine Ulmer, Mollieka, Minnie Gabe, Kate Claxton, Letty Lind, Ida Seldons, Sylvia Grey, Amy Williams, Maud Stuart, Clara Thropp, Elsie Cameron, Anna Colwell, Lillie Chester, Keeline Vokes, Hilda Thomas, Alice Townsend, Emma Carson, Jane Hading, Mabel Hudson, Ida Yearack, Carrie Taiter, Lizzie Fletcher, Edwin Booth, Neil Burgess, Kyrie Bollier, Dicky Bell, Eben Pimpton, De Wolf Hopper, Lawrence Barrett, Dehman Thompson, K. B. Mantell, Kittle Brown, Lottie Stanley, Elsie Von Blumen, Mickey Welch, Buck Ewing, Johnny Ward, Tim Keefe, Billy Butler, Darryl O'Brien, Ed Hatfield, Elmer Foster, Matilda Soraklehl, Wm. Mulholland, Sebastian Miller, Evan Lewis, Joe McPherson, Capt. Daly, Fred Flaisled, William Beach, Wallace Ross, William O'Connor, George Mason, Pat Fitzgerald, Frank Hart, Dan Herby, Bob Vint, Geo. Littlewood, Jacob Schaefer, Wm. Sexton, Jambo, Cris, Seldom, Bob, Seldom, Snow Ball, Sleepy Frank, Shop House.

## ACTORS.

Johnny Wild, Richard Mansfield, J. K. Emmet, David Belasco, Ed Harrigan, Gus Williams, N. S. Wood, Tony Pastor, Lester Wallace, Constant Coquelin, Francis Williams, Edmund Dwyer, Joe Jefferson, E. H. Sothern, John Barrymore, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Irving, Constant Coquelin, Francis Williams, Edmund Dwyer, Joe Jefferson, E. H. Sothern, John Barrymore, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Irving.

## LADY BICYCLISTS.

Lulu Hart, Helen Baldwin, Jessie Woods, Hattie Lewis.

## BALL PLAYERS.

Jim Murray, C. Coniskey, Jack Chapman, Bob Ferguson, Mike Therman, Danny Richardson, Wm. George, Pat Murphy, Arthur Whitney, Geo. Goro, Roger Connor, Arlie Latham, Dave Orr, Mickey Hughes, Sam Houston, Tom Eaterbrook, Bill Brown, Lillie Ticecomb, Mike Stettory, Jim O'Rourke.

## WRESTLERS.

Prof. Bauer, Mike Donohue, Edwin Bibby, Tom Cannon, Duncan C. Ross, H. W. Dufur, Donald Dinnie, Jack Carlock, Clarence Whistler, Black Sam, Mike Stettory, Wm. Johnston.

## OARSMEN.

Chas. E. Courtney, Ed Haxian, George Lee, Albert Hannin, H. E. Scarie.

## PEDESTRIANS.

Sam Day, Wm. Cunningham, Chas. Harriman, George Cartwright, Charles Howell, Lon Myers, Dan O'Leary, Pat Sheedy, Annie Oakley, Steve Brodie, John Sherman, General Sheridan, Major G. W. Little, W. E. Gladstone, Prince of Wales, Phil Casey, Roscoe Conkling, Geo. W. Childs, Geo. W. Curtis, Mike Stettory, Capt. Brooks, Jaugarine, the Champion Fencer.

Will also furnish any of the foregoing photographs enlarged, for framing, etc. To those sending for one dozen of any of the above Cabinet Portraits, a photograph of RICHARD K. FOX will be sent free of charge. All of the above mailed to any address for TEN CENTS EACH. All orders must be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.

## CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FAMOUS

FIGHTING DOGS, MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, Inspector Williams, John Lawlor, Pat Sheedy, Harry Hill, Abe Hummel, Steve Brodie, John Sherman, General Sheridan, Major G. W. Little, W. E. Gladstone, Prince of Wales, Phil Casey, Roscoe Conkling, Geo. W. Childs, Geo. W. Curtis, Mike Stettory, Capt. Brooks, Jaugarine, the Champion Fencer.

## CARDS.

## GENUINE

Transparent Playing Cards. Full pack (\$3) by mail or ex. \$1. Colored life scenes, true to nature. The cards, a set of pictures and some exquisite poetry, sent secure from observation and warranted satisfactory for a \$1 bill. RELAY IMPORTING CO., Box 5288 Boston.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

CARDS Transparent, 33 Hidden Views, 10 2-cent stamps. F. WILLIAMS, 13 N. Clark St., Chicago.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

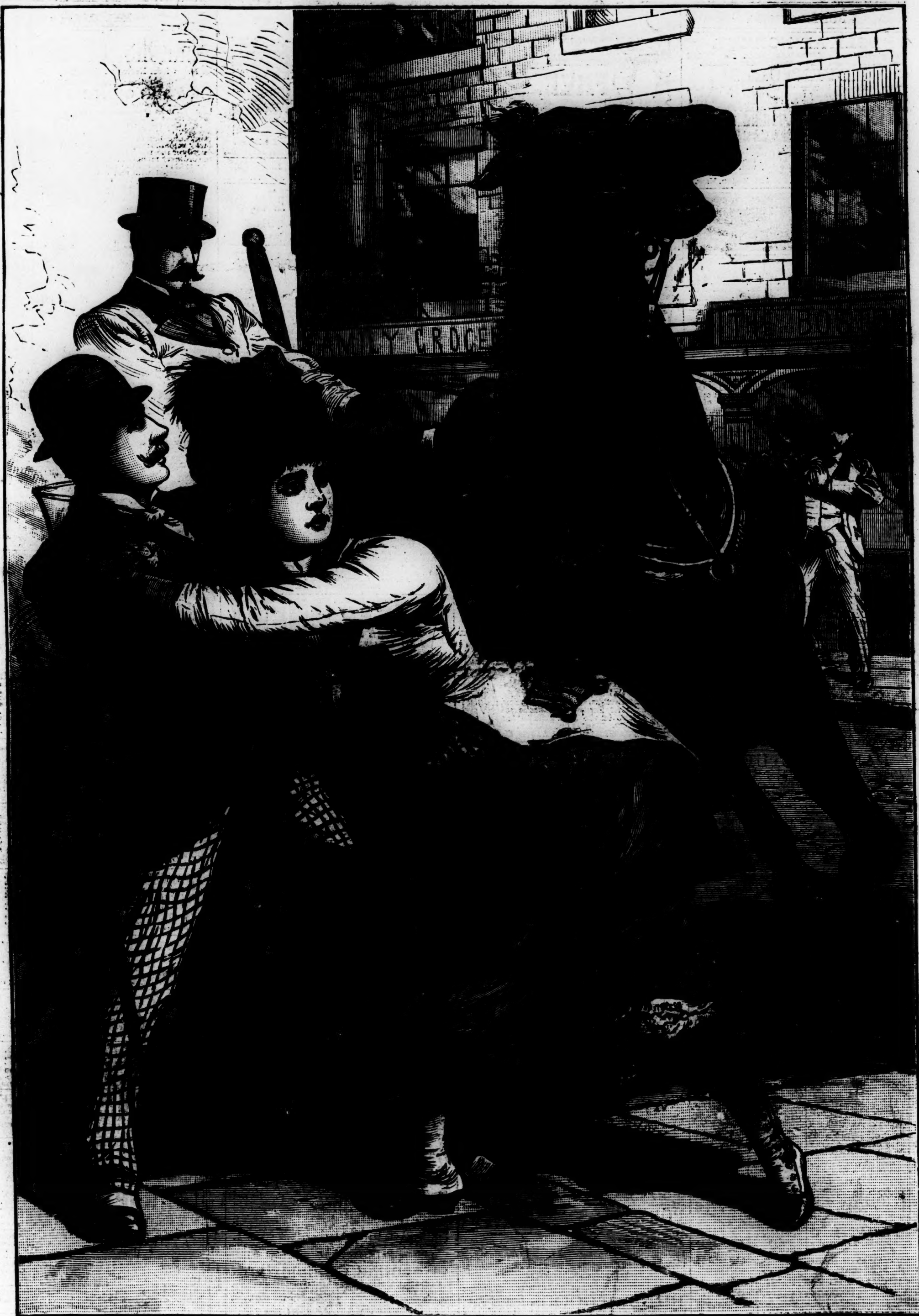
Standford & Walker, resident physicians and surgeons, will answer all inquiries for information regarding Hot Springs and diseases treated here. To secure answer send two-cent stamp.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.









TRIED TO CROWD THE LILY OUT.

AN INFURIATED LEWISTON, ME., BUCEPHALUS HAS A FRISKY TIME WITH MRS. LANGTRY AND FREDDY GEBHARDT.